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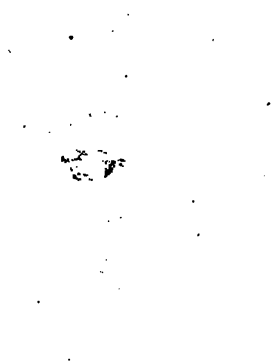
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**A
TAKE
(POEM)**

BY WALTER SCOTT ESQ.





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THE

ADY OF THE LAKE;

A POEM.

+

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

1



NEW YORK.

J. C. RIKER, 15 ANN STREET.

1834.

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C

POBULON
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION
R 1923 L

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

JOHN JAMES,

MARQUIS OF ABERCORN,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY



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ADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CHASE.

of the North! that mouldering long
st hung
e witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's
pring,
n the fitful breeze thy numbers a-
vious ivy did around



THE
IDY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CHASE.

P of the North! that mouldering long
ast hung
the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's
spring,
own the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
envious ivy did around thee cling,
ng with verdant ringlet every string,—
ninstrel harp, still must thine accents sleep?
stling leaves and fountains murmuring,
l must thy sweeter sounds their silence
keep,
bid a warrior smile nor teach a maid to
weep?
thus in ancient days of Caledon
hy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
en lay of hopeless love or glory won,
ed the fearful, or subdued the proud.
ach according pause, was heard aloud
ardent symphony sublime and high,

I wake once more : though scarce my
mand

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die

And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,

The wizard note has not been tou
vain.

Then silent be no more ! Enchantress
again !

I.

stag at eve had drunk his fill,
danced the moon on Monan's rill,
on his midnight lair had made,
Glenartney's hazel shade;
when the sun his beacon red
idled on Benvoirlich's head,
p-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay
ded up the rocky way,
it, from further distance borne,
ard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

who hears his warder call,
s! the foemen storm the wall,"—
r'd monarch of the waste
om his heathery counsel.

merry horns rung out;
 voices joined the shout;
 d whoop and wild halloo
 birlich's echoes knew.
 tumult fled the roe,
 covert covered the doe,
 from her cairn on high,
 out a wondering eye,
 and her piercing ken
 ne had swept the glen.
 more faint, its failing din
 om cavern, cliff, and lin.
 settled, wide and still.
 wood and mighty hill.

IV.

the sounds of sylvan war
 the heights of Uam-Var,
 and the cavern, where 'tis told
 made his den of old;

On
 Fr
 W
 H
 A

And wept on Loch-Achra,
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
 Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,
 Held westward with unwearied race,
 And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gale o'er,
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-moor
 What reins were tightened in despair,
 When rose Benledi's bridge in air;
 Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—
 For twice, that day, from shore to shore,
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
 Few were the stragglers, following far,
 That reached the lake of Vennachar
 And when the Brigg of Tumb
 The headmost

VIII.

The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Ready glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
Mastered his breath, his whinyard drew;
But, thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There while, close couched, the thicket shed
Old dews and wild flowers on his head,
The baffled dogs in vain

... giant gray !"

X.

rough the dell his horn resounds,
in pursuit to call the hounds.
ped, with slow and crippled pace
by leaders of the chase ;
their master's side they pressed,
oping tail and humbled crest ;
the dingle's hollow throat
d the swelling bugle note,
ets started from their dream,
as answered with their scream,
d around the sounds were cast
seemed an answering blast ;
e hunter hied his pace,
me comrades of the chase ;
paused, so strange the road,
ous were the scenes it show'd.

XI.

or lacked they many a banner fair ;
r, from their shivered brows displayed
r o'er the unfathomable glade,
l twinkling with the dew drop sheen,
ie brier-rose fell in streamers green,
id creeping shrubs of thousand dies,
aved in the west-wind's summer sighs

XII.

on nature scattered, free and wild,
ch plant or flower, the mountain's chi
re eglantine embalmed the air,
wthorn and hazel mingled there ;
ie primrose pale, and violet flower,
und in each cleft a narrow bower ;
x-glove and night-shade, side by side,
nblems of punishment and pride,
rouped their dark hues with every stair
ie weather-beaten crags retain ;
ith boughs that quaked at every breath

the ducks brood to swim ;
a space, through thickets veering,
der when again appearing,
s and tufted knolls their face
the dark-blue mirror trace ;
er as the hunter strayed,
ler sweep its channels made.
ry mounds no longer stood,
from entangled wood.
-encircled seemed to float,
girdled with its moat ;
r floods extending still,
n from their parent hill,
stiring, claims to be
an inland sea.

XIV

issue from the glen,
meets the wanderer's ken,
mb, with footing nice,
ing precipice

XV.

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptured and amazed.
 And, "What a scene were here," he cried
 "For princely pomp or churchman's pride
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister gray;
 How blithely might the bugle horn
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn?
 How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and m
 And, when the midnight moon did lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matin's distant hum,
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,

o meet with highland plunderers here
 ere worse than loss of steed or deer.—
 un alone ;—my bugle strain
 ay call some straggler of the train ;
 r fall the worst that may betide,
 re now this falchion has been tried.”

XVII.

t scarce again his horn he wound,
 hen lo ! forth starting at the sound,
 m underneath an aged oak,
 at slanted from the islet rock,
 Damsel guider of its way,
 ttle skiff shot to the bay,
 t round the promontory steep
 its deep line in graceful sweep,
 ying, in almost viewless wave,
 weeping willow twig to lave,
 kiss, with whispering sound and slow-
 beach of pebbles

Had died her glowing hue so bright
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace
A foot more light, a step more true
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech the
The accents of the mountain tongue
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear
The listener held his breath to hear

XIX.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth befit
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid.

maiden pride the maid concealed,
not less purely felt the flame;—
and I tell that passion's name!

XX.

gent of the silent horn,
on the gale her voice was borne:—
er!" she cried; the rocks around
to prolong the gentle sound.
le she paused, no answer came,—
olm, was thine the blast?" The name
solutely uttered fell,
oes could not catch the swell.
anger, I," the Huntsman said,
sing from the hazel shade.
id alarmed, with hasty oar,
her light shallop from the shore;
en a space was gained between,
she drew her bosom's screen;
h the startled swan would swim

As if a baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armour trod the sh
Slighting the petty need he showed,
He told of his benighted road.
His ready speech flowed fair and free
In phrase of gentlest courtesy,
Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bl
Less used to sue than to command.

XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at last replied,
That highland halls were open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill.
"Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home :
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn a couch was pulled for ye
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock blec

my-haired sire, whose eye intent
on the visioned future bent.
saw your steed, a dappled gray,
lead beneath the birchen way;
and exact your form and mien,
hunting suit of Lincoln green,
tassell'd horn so gayly gilt,
falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
cap with heron's plumage trim,
on two hounds so dark and grim.
So that all should ready be,
to be a guest of fair degree;
that I held his prophecy,
seemed it was my father's horn,
echoes o'er the lake were borne."

XXIV.

Anger smiled:—"since to your home,
red errant knight I come,
led by prophet sooth and old

Nor track nor pathway might detect
That human foot frequented there
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow
With their long fibres swept the ground
Here, for retreat in dangerous hours
Some chief had framed a rustic bower

XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar
And by the hatchet rudely squared
To give the walls their destined hue
The sturdy oak and ash unite:

XXVII.

"Ope, my heaven, my trust must be,
 The guide, in following thee."—
 "I crossed the threshold—and a clang
 Of steel that instant rang.
 My bold brow his spirit rushed;
 For vain alarm he blushed,
 On the floor he saw displayed,
 'Twas the din, a naked blade
 From the sheath, that careless flung.
 Stag's huge antlers swung;
 Around, the walls to grace,
 Trophies of the fight or chase:
 Here, a bugle here,
 Yea, a hunting spear,
 Halberds, bows, and arrows store,
 Unasked trophies of the boar.
 The wolf as when he died;
 The wild-cat's skin—"

As light it trembles in his hand,
As in my grasp a hazel wand.
My sire's tall form might grace the
Of Ferragus, or Ascabart ;
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came
Mature of age, a graceful dame ;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court
To whom, though more than king,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due
Meet welcome to her guest she met
And every courteous rite was paid
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and
Such then the reverence to a guest
That fellest foe might join the feast

... Queen's sire :
 ... the elder lady's mien.
 ... orts and cities she had seen ;
 ... hough more her looks displayed
 ... ple grace of sylvan maid,
 ... ch and gesture, form and face,
 ... l she was come of gentle race ;
 ... strange in ruder rank to find
 ... oks, such manners, and such mind.
 ... nt the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
 ... fargaret heard with silence grave ;
 ... t, innocently gay,
 ... all inquiry light away.
 ... women we ! by dale and down,
 ... as far from tower and town.
 ... the flood, we ride the blast,
 ... ring knights our spells we cast ;
 ... vless minstrels touch the string,
 ... ur charmed rhymes we sing."
 ... nd still a harp unseen
 ... e symphony be-

Yet the lark's shrill fife may
At the daybreak from the fi
And the bittern sound his dru
Booming from the sedgy sh
Ruder sounds shall none be n
Guards nor warders challenge
Here's no war-steed's neigh a
Shouting clans or-squadrons s

XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, le
To grace the stranger of the d
Her mellow notes a while prob
The cadence of the flowing son
Till to her lips in measured fra
The minstrel verse spontaneous

SONG CONTINUED

Huntsman. rest ! the ch

rever of his troubled breast ;
oken dreams the image rose
aried perils, pains, and woes,
teed now flounders in the brake,
sinks his barge upon the lake ;
leader of a broken host,
andard falls, his honour's lost.
—from my couch may heavenly might,
that worst phantom of the night!—
returned the scenes of youth,
fident undoubting truth ;
his soul he interchanged
riends whose hearts were long estranged.
ome, in dim procession led,
'd, the faithless, and the dead :
n each hand, each brow as gay,
ey parted yesterday.
bt distracts him at the view,
his senses false or true !
he of death

The uncouth trophies of the ha
Mid those the stranger fixed his
Where that huge falchion hung
And thoughts on thoughts, a co
Rushed, chasing countless thou
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moons!

XXXV.

The wild rose, eglantine, and bi
Wasted around their rich perfu
The birch-trees wept in fragran
The aspens slept beneath the ca
The silver light, with quivering
Played on the water's still expa
Wild were the heart whose pas
Could rage beneath the sober ri
He felt its calm, that warrior gi
While thus he communed with
"Why is it at each turn I trace

END OF CANTO FIRST

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**THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.**

CANTO SECOND.

THE ISLAND.

I.

AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithesi lay;
All nature's children feel the matin spring
 Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
 Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel gray,
 And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired
 Allan-bane!

II.

SONG.

Not faster yonder rowers' might
 Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
 That tracks the shallop's course in light,
 Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
 The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger, go, good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

SONG CONTINUED

But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled
And sunken cheek, and heavy eye
Pine for his highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to
The care that soothes a wanderer
Remember then thy hap ere when
A stranger in the lonely isle.
Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in valour
Wo, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed
On thankless courts, or friends estranged.

no sun, as if no breeze might dare
 To lift one lock of hoary hair ;
 No still, as life itself were fled,
 In the last sound his harp had sped.

V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
 Beside him Ellen sat and smiled.
 Smiled she to see the stately drake
 Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
 While her vexed spaniel, from the beach,
 Laid at the prize beyond his reach ;
 Tell me then the maid who knows,
 Why deepened on her cheek the rose?—
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity !
 Chance the maiden smiled to see
 A parting lingerer wave adieu,
 And stop and turn to wave anew ;
 O, lovely ladies, ere your ire
 Demn the heroine of my lyre.

The guardian —
 ‘Thy Malcolm ! vain and selfish maid !’
 ‘Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,
 “ Not so had Malcolm idly hung
 On the smooth phrase of southern tongue
 “ Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
 The step of parting fair to spy.”—
 “ Wake, Allan-bane,” aloud she cried,
 To the old minstrel by her side,
 “ Arouse thee from thy moody dream !
 I’ll give thy harp heroic theme,
 And warm thee with a noble name :
 Pour forth the glory of the Græme.”—
 Scarce from her lip the word had rushed
 When deep the conscious maiden blushes
 For of his clan, in hall and bower,
 Young Malcolm Græme was held the fi

VII.

The minstrel waked his harp—three tin
 Across the well-known martial chimes,
 The old high heroic pride

O well for me, if mine alone
That dirge's deep prophetic tone !
If, as my tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,
Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell !"

VIII.

But ah ! dear lady, thus it sighed
The eve thy sainted mother died ;
And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And, disobedient to my call,

Plucked a blue hare-bell from the
"For me, whose memory scarce co
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heav'n's dew as blithe as
That in the King's own garden gro
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathed in her dark locks, an

X.

Her smile, her speech, with winnin
Wiled the old harper's mood away
With such a look as hermits throw
When angels stoop to sooth their w
He gazed till fond regret and pride
Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied

XI.

"Gay dreams are these," the maiden cried
(Light was her accent, yet she sighed,)

"This mossy rock, my friend, to me
Is worth gay chair and canopy;
Nor would my footstep spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey;
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine:
And then for suiters proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,
Thou, flattering bard, thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Wouldst not for aught, thou knave, be led

XIII.

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and hi
Her father's soul glanced in her eye
"My debts to Roderick's house I kn
All that a mother could bestow,
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrowed o'er her sister's child ;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's king, who shrouds m
A deeper, holier debt is owed ;
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan ! Sir Roderick should comma
My blood, my life,—but not my har
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A vot'ress in Maronna's cell ;
Rather through realms beyond the
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where never was smoke a Scottish

ere once some pleasant hamlet stood,
mass of ashes slacked with blood.
hand, that for my father fought,
mour as his daughter ought;
can I clasp it reeking red,
n peasants slaughtered in their shed?
wildly while his virtues gleam,
make his passions darker seem,
flash along his spirit high,
lightning o'er the midnight sky.
e yet a child,—and children know,
ctive taught, the friend and foe,—
ldered at his brow of gloom,
adowy plaid, and sable plume;
den grown, I ill could bear
ughty mien and lordly air;
thou join'st a suitor's claim,
ous mood, to Roderick's name,
with anguish! or, if e'er
glas knew the word with a—

Thou led'st the dance with Malcolm
 Still, though thy sire the peace renev
 Smoulders in Roderick's breast the f
 Beware!—But hark, what sounds ar
 My dull ears catch no faltering breez
 No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;
 Still is the canna's* hoary beard—
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
 And hark again! some pipe of war
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar.”

XVI.

Far up the lengthened lake were spie
 Four darkening specks upon the tide,
 That, slow enlarging on the view,
 Four manned and masted barges gre
 And bearing downwards from Gleng
 Steered full upon the lonely isle;
 The point of Brianchail they nessed

... the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

er, as on they bore, more loud
d louder rung the pibroch proud.
first the sounds, by distance tame,
llowed along the waters came,
d, lingering long by cape and bay
iled every harsher note away ;
n, bursting bolder on the ear,
clan's shrill Gathering they could hear ;
e thrilling sounds, that call the might
ld Clan-Alpine to the fight :
t beat the rapid notes, as when
nustering hundreds shake the glen,
urrying at the signal dread,
attered earth returns their tread ;
relude light, of livelier tone,
sed their merry marching on,
al of closing battle

Their voices in their chieftain's praise.
Each boatman, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the burthen bore,
In such wild cadence, as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees
The chorus first could Allan know,
" Roderigh Vich Alpine, ho ! iro !"
And near, and nearer as they rowed,
Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

XIX.

BOAT SONG.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advance
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green
Long may the tree in his banner that gl
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow

— Macdonald was thrilled in glen Fruin,
Macanoch's groans to our slogan replied;
Ross and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
The best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her
side.

Now and Saxon maid
Shall lament our raid,
Clan-Alpine with fear and with wo;
Ross and Leven-glen
When they hear again,
"Vich Alpine dhu, ho! heroes!"

Us, row, for the pride of the highlands!
To your oars, for the ever-green pine!
A rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Weathed in a garland around him to
be!

Some seedling gem,
By such noble stem,
And blessed in their shadow might grow!
Should Clan-Alpine then

near my father's signal blast.
ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,
and waft him from the mountain side."
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
she darted to her shallop light,
and, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
her dear form, his mother's band,
the islet far behind her lay,
and she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
Tear so limpid and so meek,
Would not stain an angel's cheek,
Is that which pious fathers shed
On a dutious daughter's head!

...the gathering spray;
Douglas, as his hand he laid
Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,
thou, young friend, no meaning spy
poor follower's glistening eye?
Thee :—he recalls the day,
my praise he led the lay
arched gate of Bothwell proud,
any a minstrel answered loud,
Murray's Norman pennon, won
field, before me shone,
ten knights, the least a name
as yon chief may claim,
my pomp, behind me came.
He, Malcolm, not so proud
all that marshal crowd,
waned crescent owned my might,
train trooped lord and knight,
Mentmore hymned her holiest lays,
all's bards flung back my praise.
old man's silent

Well might the lover's judgment fail,
'o balance with a juster scale ;
or with each secret glance he stole,
'he fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV.

f stature fair, and slender frame,
ut firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
he belted plaid and tartan hose
id ne'er more graceful limbs disclose ;
is flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
urled closely round his bonnet blue ;
rained to the chase, his eagle eye
he ptarmigan in snow could spy ;
ach pass, by mountain, lake, and heath
e knew, through Lennox and Menteith
in was the bound of dark-brown doe
hen Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
nd scarce that doe, though winged wit
tstripped in speed the mountaineer ;

Canto II.

THE ISLAND.

And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,
Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
But quail to that of Malcolm Grème.

XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,
And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say,
"Why urge thy chase so far astray?
And why so late returned? And why"—
The rest was in her speaking eye.
"My child, the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime rest

As studying phrase and
Best to convey unpleas
Long with his dagger's
Then raised his haughty brow

XXVIII.

"Short be my speech;—nor ti
Nor my plain temper, glozing
Kinsman and father, if such ne
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderic
Mine honoured mother, Ellen,
My cousin, turn away thine ey
And Græme, in whom I hope
Full soon a noble friend or foe.
When age shall give thee thy
And leading in thy native land
List all!—The king's vindictiv
Boasts to have tamed the Bore
Where chiefs, with hound and
To share their monarch's sylv
Themselves in bloody toils we

— the strait I show.”—

XXIX.

en and Margaret fearfully
ight comfort in each other's eye,
en turned their ghastly look, each one,
is to her sire, that to her son.
e hasty colour went and came
he bold cheek of Malcolm Græme;
from his glance, it well appeared,
as but for Ellen that he feared;
le sorrowful, but undismayed,
Douglas thus his counsel said:
ave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
ay but thunder and pass o'er;
will I here remain an hour,
raw the lightning on thy bower;
vell thou know'st, at this gray head
oyal bolt were fiercest sped.
ee, who, at thy King's command,
aid him with a gallant head.

Will friends and aimes noon —
 Like cause of doubt, distrust, and
 Will bind us to each western chief
 When the loud pipes my bridal tell
 The Links of Forth shall hear the
 The guard shall start in Stirling's
 And when I light the nuptial torch
 A thousand villages in flames,
 Shall scare the slumber of King J
 —Nay, Ellen, blench not thus aw
 And, mother, cease these signs, I
 I meant not all my heat might or
 Small need of inroad, or of fight
 When the sage Douglas may un
 Each mountain clan in friendly
 To guard the passes of their lan
 Till the foiled King, from pathless
 Shall bootless turn him home a

his senses' giddy wheel,
 e not desperate impulse feel,
 long to plunge himself below,
 meet the worst his fears foreshow?—
 Ellen, dizzy and astound,
 dden ruin yawned around,
 ossing terrors wildly tossed,
 or the Douglas fearing most,
 scarce the desperate thought withstand.
 y his safety with her hand.

XXXII.

purpose dread could Malcolm spy
 en's quivering lip and eye,
 sager rose to speak—but e'er
 inque could hurry forth his fear.

swooping his pinions' shadowy
 Upon the nighted pilgrim's way
 But, unrequited love! thy dart
 Plunged deepest its envenomed
 And Roderick, with thine anguish
 At length the hand of Douglas
 While eyes, that mocked at tears
 With bitter drops were running
 The death-pangs of long-cherish
 Scarce in that ample breast had
 But, struggling with his spirit
 Convulsive heaved its checkered
 While every sob—so mute were
 Was heard distinctly through the
 The son's despair, the mother's lo
 Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
 She rose, and to her side there ca
 To aid her parting steps, the Gra

XXXIV.

Then Roderick

r as greyhound on his game,
 dy with Roderick grappled Græme.
 sh my name, if aught afford
 ieftain's safety, save his sword!"
 as they strove, their desperate hand
 d to the dagger or the brand,
 leath had been—But Douglas rose,
 hrust between the struggling foes
 ant strength:—"Chieftains, forego,
 the first who strikes my foe.—
 en, forbear your frantic jar!
 ! is the Douglas fallen so far,
 ighter's hand is deemed the spoil
 ch dishonourable broil!"—
 and slowly, they unclasp,
 eek with shame, their desperate grasp

Earth does not hold a lonesome
So secret, but we meet agen.—
Chieftain ! we too shall find an
He said, and left the sylvan bow

XXXVI.

Old Allan followed to the strand
(Such was the Douglas's coming)
And anxious told, how, on the night
The stern Sir Roderick deep had
The Fiery Cross should circle o'
Dale, glen, and valley, down, and
Much were the peril to the Græ
From those who to the signal came
Far up the lake 'twere safest land
Himself would row him to the strand
He gave his counsel to the wind
While Malcolm did, unheeding,
Round dirk and pouch and broad
His ample plaid in tightened fold

t, if there be one faithful Græme,
ho loves the chieftain of his name,
t long shall honoured Douglas dwell,
ce hunted stag, in mountain cell ;
r, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare,—
ay not give the rest to air !—
ll Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,
t the poor service of a boat,
waft me to yon mountain side.”—
en plunged he in the flashing tide.
ld o’er the flood his head he bore,
d stoutly steered him from the shore ;
d Allan strained his anxious eye,
r mid the lake his form to spy,
kening across each puny wave,
which the moon her silver gave.



CANTO THIRD.

THE GATHERING.

I

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
I told our marvelling boyhood legends ston
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or
Or they are blotted from the things that be!
Now few, all weak and withered of their fo
On the verge of dark eternity,
Are stranded wrecks, the tide returning ho
Weep them from our sight! Time rolls
Ceaseless course.

Are there still who can remember well.

Or, when a mountain chief
Old and fore

Her chance ope'd of silver bright ;
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
 Bygemmed with dew-drops, led her
 The gray mist left the mountain side
 The torrent showed its glistening pri
 Invisible in flecked sky,
 The lark sent down her revelry ;
 The black-bird and the speckled thr
 Good-morrow gave from brake and l
 In answer cooed the cushat dove,
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and lov

LL

No thought of peace, no thought of r
 Assuaged the storm in Roderick's bre
 With sheathed broadsword in his han
 Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
 And eyed the rising sun, and laid
 His hand on his impatient blade.
 Beneath a rock, his vassal's care

anto III. THE GATHERING.

61

With her dark shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV.

A heap of withered boughs were piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian, the hermit, by it stood,
Bare-footed, in his frock and hood;
His grisled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair:
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That Monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benbarrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,
But druids, from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look.
And much 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er
The hallowed creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse.
No peasant sought that hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunned with care;
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase called off his hound.
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He prayed, and signed the cross between,
While terror took devotion's mien.

V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
His mother watched a midnight fold,
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men.

A feeble and a timorous guest
The field-fare framed her low
There the slow blind-worm le
On the fleet limbs that mocke
And there, too, lay the leader
Still wreathed with chaplet fl
For heath-bell, with her purpl
Supplied the bonnet and the f
All night, in this sad glen, the
Sate shrouded in her mantle's
She said, no shepherd sought
No hunter's hand her snood u
Yet ne'er again to braid her h
The virgin snood did Alice w
Gone was her maiden glee a
Her maiden girdle all too sho
Nor sought she from that fate
Or holy church or blessed rite
But locked her secret in her l
And died in travail, unconfes

lager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride,
Till, with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the Spectre's child.
There with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the whoeling eddies boil,
Still, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the river-demon rise ;
The mountain mist took form and limb,
The noontide hag, or goblin grim ;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
And wailed with the voices of the dead.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared ;—and from
 A goat, the patriarch of the fold
 Before the kindling pile was laid
 And pierced by Roderick's reeking spear
 Patient the sickening victim bore
 The life-blood ebb in crimson
 Down his clogged beard and
 Till darkness glazed his eye-balls
 The grisly priest, with murmur
 A slender crosslet framed with
 A cubit's length in measure
 The shaft and limb were rods
 Whose parents in Inch-Caillie
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpin
 And, answering Lomond's bonny
 Sooth many a chieftain's end
 The Cross, thus formed, he held
 With wasted hand and haggard
 And strange and mingled spell

Canto III. THE GATHERING.

But from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just

Shall doom him wrath and wo."

He paused ;—the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook ;

And first, in murmur low,

Then, like the billow in its course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his mustered force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,

"Wo to the traitor, wo !"

Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle screamed afar.—

A sharp and shrieking echo
Goir-Uriskin, thy goblin ca
And the gray pass where b
On Beala-nam-bo.

XI.

Then deeper paused the pr
And hard his labouring bre
While, with set teeth, and c
And eyes that glowed like
He meditated curse more d
And deadlier, on the clans
Who, summoned to his Chi
The signal saw and disobey
The crosslet's points of spa
He quenched among the bu
And, as again the sign he r
Hollow and hoarse his voice
"When flits this Cross from
Vich-Alpine's summons to h

XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
 From Brian's hand the symbol took :
 "Speed, Malise, speed !" he said, and gave
 The crosslet to his hench-man brave.
 "The muster-place be Lanric mead—
 Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed !"
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
 A barge across Loch-Katrine flew ;
 High stood the hench-man on the prow,
 So rapidly the barge-men row,
 The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
 Were all unbroken and afloat,
 Dancing in foam and ripple still,
 When it had neared the mainland hill :
 And from the silver beach's side
 Still was the prow three fathom wide,
 When lightly bounded to the land,
 The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's hide
 On fleetest foot was never tied.
 Speed, Malise, speed ! such cause of haste
 Thine active sinews never braced.
 Bound 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
 Burst down like torrent from its crest ;
 With short and springing footstep pass
 The trembling bog and false morass ;
 Across the brook like roe-buck bound,
 And thread the break like questing hound ;
 The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
 Yet shrink not from the desperate leap ;
 Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
 Yet by the fountain pause not now ;
 Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
 Stretch onward in thy fleet career !
*The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
 Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough.*

In arms the duns and
From winding glen, from upland
They poured each hardy tenant
Nor slack'd the messenger his
He showed the sign, he named
And, pressing forward like the
Left clamour and surprise behind
The fisherman forsook the stream
The swarthy smith took dirk
With changed cheer, the mower
Left in the half-cut swathe his
The herds without a keeper
The plough was in mid-furrow
The falc'ner tossed his hawk
The hunter left the stag at bay
Prompt at the signal of alarm
Each son of Alpine rushed to
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray
Alas, thou lovely lake! that
— should echo sound

Duncan's side shall fill his place '—
 Within the hall, where torches' ray
 Supply the excluded beams of day,
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
 His stripling son stands mournful by,
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
 The village maids and matrons round
 The dismal coronach* resound.

XVI.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font, reappearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow
 But a

XVII.

See Stumah,† who, the bier b
His master's corpse with won
Poor Stumah! whom his leas
Could send like lightning o'er
Bristles his crest, and points h
As if some stranger step he h
'Tis not a mourner's muffled
Who comes to sorrow o'er the
But headlong haste or deadly
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast:—unheeding
The hench-man bursts into th
Before the dead man's bier he
Held forth the Cross besmeare
"The muster-place be Lanric
Speed forth the signal! clans

XVIII.

"Alas!" she sobbed,—“and yet be gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!”
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep, to clear his labouring breast,
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt when freed
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
Susperded was the widow's tear,
While yet his footsteps she could hear;
And when she marked the hench-man's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
“Kinsman,” she said, “his race is run,
That should have sped thine errand on;
The oak has fallen,—the sapling bough
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
Yet trust I well, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son.—
And you, in many a danger true,
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
Let babes and women wail the dead.”
Then weapon clang, and martial call,
Resounded through the funeral hall,
While from the walls the attendant band
Snatched sword and targe, with hurried hand
And short and flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier;
But faded soon that borrowed force;
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

XIX.

*Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;*

Though the dark waves danc
Though reeled his sympathet
He dashed amid the torrent's
His right hand high the cross
His left the pole-axe grasped,
And stay his footing in the tic
He stumbled twice—the foam
With hoarser swell the stream
And had he fallen,—for ever t
Farewell Duncraggan's orpha
But still, as if in parting life,
Firm he grasped the Cross c
Until the opposing bank he ga
And up the chapel pathway st

XX.

A blithsome rout, that mornin
Had sought the chapel of Sai
Her troth Tombea's Mary gav
To Norman. heir of Armanday

With virgin step, and bashful hand,
She held the kerchief's snowy band ;
The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closeely whispering word of cheer

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate
The messenger of fear and fate !
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word :
" The mustering place is Lauric mead,
Speed forth the signal ! Norman, speed !"—
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just linked to his by holy band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand ?
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride ?
O fatal doom !—it must ! it must !
Clan Alpine's cause, her chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread brooks no delay ;
Stretch to the race—away ! away !

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak wo he might not stop to cheer ;
Then trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.—

And zeal for clan and chieftain b
And hope, from well-fought field
With war's red honours on his cr
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bar
Like fire from flint he glanced a
While high resolve, and feeling s
Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII.

SONG.

The heath this night must be
The bracken* curtain for my
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and the
To-morrow eve, more stilly lai
My couch may be my bloody
My vesper song, thy wail, swe

A time will come with feeling fraught !
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary !

XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery bracs,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below ;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch-Voil,
Waked still Loch-Doine, and to the source
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course ;
Thence southward turned its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name ;
From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height
In Highland date their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood ;
Each trained to arms since life began,
Owing no tie but to his clan,

TO VIEW THE MOUNTAIN
All backward came with news of tru
Still lay each martial Græme and B
In Rednock courts no horsemen wa
No banner waved on Cardross gate
On Duchray's towers no beacon sho
Nor scared the herons from Loch-C
All seemed at peace.—Now, wot ye
The Chieftain, with such anxious ey
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scann'd with c
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdre
And in a deep sequestered dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung ;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin-cav

...maturity.
 murmur waked the solemn still,
 tinkling of a fountain rill;
 when the wind chafed with the lake,
 on sound would upward break,
 lashing hollow voice, that spoke
 incessant war of wave and rock.
 craggy cliffs, with hideous sway,
 and nodding o'er the cavern gray.
 such a den the wolf had sprung,
 the wild cat leaves her young;
 Douglas and his daughter fair,
 for a space, their safety there.
 superstition's whisper dread
 of the spot to vulgar tread;
 she said, did fays resort,
 where* hold their sylvan court,
 might tread their mystic maze,
 the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans flow
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike groupè they stand
That well became such mountain str:

XXVIII.

Their chief with step reluctant still,
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turned apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode.
It was but with that dawning morn
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more ;
But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,

That wakes its measures slow and high,
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
 What melting voice attends the strings?
 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer;
 Thou canst hear, though from the wild;
 Thou canst save amid despair.
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
 Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
 Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
 Mother! hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share,
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,
 If thy protection hover there.
 The murky cavern's heavy air
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
 Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
 Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled.

Foul demons of the earth and air
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.
 We bow us to our lot of care,
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
 And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria

XXX.

*Died on the harp the closing hymn
 Unmoved in attitude and limb.*

That angel voice snail-paced
It was a goading thought—his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain side;
Sullen he flung him in the boat,
And instant cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanric height,
Where mustered in the vale below,
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made,
Some sate, some stood, some slowly st
But most, with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground
Scarce to be known by curious eye,
From the deep heather where they lie
So well was matched the tartan screen
With hell dark and brackens gr

CANTO FOURTH.

THE PROPHECY.

I.

One is fairest when 'tis budding new,
Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears
Is sweetest washed with morning dew,
Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
A rose, whom fancy thus endears,
Her blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Of hope and love through future years
Like young Norman, heir of Armandave
When the sun arose on Vennachar's broad
e.

II.

Onceit, half said half sung
led to that

III.

Together up the pass they sped :
"What of the foemen," Norman said-
"Varying reports from near and far ;
This certain,—that a band of war
Has for two days been ready bouned,
At prompt command, to march from
King James, the while, with princely
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
Inured to bide such bitter bout,
The warrior's plaid may bear it out ;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride?"—
"What! know ye not that Roderick's
To the lone isle hath caused repair
Each maid and matron of the clan,
And every child and aged man

...of war.
"Egan's milk-white bull they slew."

MALISE.

! well the gallant brute I knew!
choicest of the prey we had,
swept our merry-men Gallangad.
de was snow, his horns were dark,
l eye glowed like fiery spark;
e, so tameless, and so fleet,
d he cumber our retreat,
pt our stoutest kernes in awe,
the pass of Beal 'maha.
p and flinty was the road,
p the hurrying pikeman's goad,
n we came to Dinnan's Row,
ight scatheless stroke his brow."

NORMAN.

was . . .

Thy words were evil augury ;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's bla
Clan Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, gleaned from her
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tel
The Chieftain joins him, see—an
Together they descend the brow

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's
The hermit Monk held solemn w
" Roderick ! it is a fearful strife,
For man endowed with mortal li
Whose shroud of sentient clay c
Feel feverish pang and fainting
Whose eye can stare in stony tr
Whose hair can rouse like warri
'Tis hard for such to view, unfu
The curtain of the future world
Yet, witness every quaking lim

Canto IV. THE PROPHECY.

Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul ;—
WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

VII.

" Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care !
Good is thine augury, and fair.
Clan-Alpine, ne'er in battle stood,
But first our broad-swords tasted blood.
A surer victim still I know,
Self-offered to the auspicious blow ;
A spy hath sought my land this morn,
No eve shall witness his return !
My followers guard each pass's mouth,

messenger of doom—
 ! sooner may the Saxon lance
 fix Benledi from his stance,
 an doubt or terror can pierce through
 e unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu;
 s stubborn as his trusty targe.—
 ch to his post!—all know their charge.”—
 he pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
 he broad-swords gleam, the banners dance,
 edient to the Chieftain's glance.
 urn me from the martial roar,
 and seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX.

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone;
 and Ellen sits on the gray stone
 'ast by the cave, and makes her moan;
 While vainly Allan's words of cheer
 Are poured on her unheeding ear.—
 'He will return—Dear lady, trust!—
 'He will return—he will—he must.

nce this rude race dare not abide
 he peril on the mainland side,
 all not thy noble father's care
 one safe retreat for thee prepare?"—

X.

ELLEN.

o, Allan, no ! Pretext so kind
 y wakeful terrors could not blind.
 hen in such tender tone, yet grave,
 ugias a parting blessing gave,
 ie tear that glistened in his eye
 rowned not his purpose fixed and high.
 y soul, though feminine and weak,
 in image his : e'en as the lake

Be sure he has
Heaven's blessing on his gallant
My vision might may yet prove true
Nor bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow
That presaged this approaching
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal sp
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
Of such a wondrous tale I know.
Dear lady, change that look of
My harp was wont thy grief to

ELLEN.

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hea
But cannot stop the bursting te
The minstrel tried his simple a
The minstrel was Ellen's hea

Canto IV. THE PROPHECY.

“ O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you ;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

“ O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

“ Now must I teach to hew the beech,
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

“ And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray.

OF WHO COMES HERE

Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairie's fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly
For muttered word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the withers
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life woe
Nor yet find leave to die."—

XIV.

BALLAD CONTINUED

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green:
Though the birds have stilled their
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."—

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself?
And what thine errand here?"—

XV.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing.

"And gayly shines the Fairy land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam.
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away,
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed ...

He rose beneath her ...
The fairest knight on Scottish m
Her Brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in the good green wo
When the mavis and merle are
But merrier were they in Dunfer
When all the bells were ringin

XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were
A stranger climbed the steepy g
His martial step, his stately mi
His hunting suit of Lincoln gr
His eagle glance, remembrance
'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis!
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then starting, scarce suppress
"O stranger! in such hour o
 ... has brought t

Canto IV. THE PROPHECY.

What prompted thee, unhappy man !
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
Had not been bribed by love or fear,
Unknown to him, to guide thee here."

XVII.

" Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee ;
Yet life I hold but idle breath,
When love or honour's weighed with death :
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once,
I come to bear thee from a wild,
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled ;
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.

But here he knew and saw
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had scaled her Malcolm's door
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffered to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.—
“O! little know'st thou Roderick's he
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan learn,
If thou may'st trust yon wily kerne.’
With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made;
Thought had crossed

...the sign.
 ...without delay,
 net shall secure thy way;
 in thy suit, whate'er it be,
 om of his pledge to me."
 ed the golden circle on,
 —kissed her hand—and then **was gone**
 ed minstrel stood aghast,
 ily Fitz-James shot past.
 ed his guide, and wending down
 res of the mountain brown,
 he stream they took their way,
 as Loch-Katrine to Achray.

XX.

Trosach's glen was still,
 was sleeping on the hill:
 a guide whooped loud and high—
 ! was that a signal cry?"
 red forth,—“I shout to scare
 from his dainty fare.”

Her brow
With gesture wild she
Of feathers, which the eagles
To crag and cliff from dusky
Such spoils her desperate step
Where scarce was footing for
The tartan plaid she first descri
And shrieked, till all the rocks
As loud she laughed when near
For then the lowland garb she
And then her hands she wildly
And then she wept, and then
She sung!—the voice, in better
Perchance to harp or lute might
And now, though strained and
Rung wildly sweet to dale and

XXII.

SONG

They bid me sleep, they bid
They say my brain is wandering
On highland

and captive lowland maid,
the morn she was a bride,
lerick forayed Devan-side.
ridegroom resistance made,
ir chief's unconquered blade
e is now at large,
'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—
n-sick fool!"—He raised his bow :—
ou strickest her but one blow,
e from the cliff as far
ant pitched a bar."—
hampion, thanks!" the Maniac cried,
her to Fitz-James's side.
ay pennons I prepare,
true-love through the air!
d that savage groom,
fall, one downy plume!
mid disjointed stones,
hall batten on his bones,
ll his detested plaid,

She fixed her apprehensive eye ;
Then turned it on the Knight, and
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen

XXV.

The toils are pitched, and the stakes
Ever sing merrily, merrily ;
The bows they bend, and the knives
Hunters live so cheerily.
It was a stag, a stag of ten,*
Bearing his branches sturdily ;
He came statoly down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

It was there he met with a wounded
She was bleeding deathfully ;
She warned him of the toils below,
O so faithfully, faithfully !
He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily ;

He waved at once his blade on high,
 "Disclose thy treachery, or die!"—
 Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
 But in his race his bow he drew.
 The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
 And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast.—
 Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
 For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
 With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
 The fierce avenger is behind!
 Fate judges of the rapid strife—
 The forfeit, death—the prize is life!
 Thy kindred ambush lies before,
 Close couched upon the heathery moor;
 Them couldst thou reach!—it may not be—
 Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
 The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
 Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
 As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
 With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain.
 Ere he can win his blade again.
 Bent o'er the fallen, with falcon eye,
 He grimly smiled to see him die;
 Then slower wended back his way,
 Where the poor maiden bleeding lay

XXVII.

She sate beneath the birchen tree,
 Her elbow resting on her knee;
 She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
 And gazed on it, and feebly laugh'd;
 Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
 Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
 The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,
 "Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.
 "This hour of death has given me more
 Of reason's power than years before;
 For, as these ebbing veins decay,
 My frenzied visions fade away.

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I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
My brain would turn!—but it shall wa
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain
And thou wilt bring it me again.—
I waver still!—O God! more bright
Let Reason beam her parting light!—
O! by thy knighthood's honoured sign
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's clan,
With tartans broad, and shadowy pluir
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's w
They watch for thee by pass and fell—
Avoid the path—O God!—farewell.”

XXVIII.

A

down out guarded way,
ign copse and cliff Fitz-James must stray,
ft must change his desperate track,
eam and precipice turned back.
less, fatigued, and faint, at length,
lack of food and loss of strength,
uched him in a thicket hoar,
hought his toils and perils o'er :—
all my rash adventures past,
rantic feat will prove the last !
er so mad but might have guess'd,
ll this highland hornet's nest
muster up in swarms so soon
they heard of bands at Doune ?
odhounds now they search me out.—
o the whistle and the shout :—
r through the wilds I go,
l upon the foe ;
me here till evening gray,
ling try my dangerous way "

Basked, in his plain, a mountain-top,
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
“Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!”
“A stranger.”—“What dost thou require?”
“Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life’s beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.”
“Art thou a friend to Roderick?”—“No.”
“Thou dar’st not call thyself a foe?”—
“I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.”—
“Bold words!—but, though the beast of
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck’d, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie
Who say thou camest a secret spy!”
“They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick!

born, a kinsman true;
each word against his honour spoke
hands of me avenging stroke;
more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said
mighty augury is laid.
I stand with me to wind my horn,—
I stand with numbers overborne;
I stand with me, here, brand to brand,
as thou art, to bid thee stand;
nor for clan, nor kindred's cause,
depart from honour's laws:
Till a wearied man were shame,
anger is a holy name;
Peace and rest, and food and fire,
I never must require.
I stand here till dawn of day,
I will guide thee on the way,
I stand and stone, through watch and ward,
Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
Coilantogle's ford:
I stand there—



THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COMBAT.

I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side ;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the
brow of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael* around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way.
By thicket green and mountain gray.

* *The Scottish Highlander calls himself Gael, or Gail, and terms the Lowlanders, Sassenach, or Saxons.*

Assistance from the hand to gain :
So tangled oft, that, bursting through
Each hawthorn shed her showers of
That diamond dew, so pure and clear
It rivals all but Beauty's tear !

III.

At length they came where stern and
The hill sinks down upon the deep ;
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose.
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening
A hundred men might hold the pass
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloa
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak
With shingles bare, and cliffs between
And patches bright of bracken green
And heather black, that waved so high

came not now to claim its aid.
here, but three days' since, I came,
dered in pursuit of game,
emed as peaceful and as still,
mist slumbering on you hill;
dangerous chief was then afar,
on expected back from war.
aid, at least, my mountain guide,
h deep, perchance, the villain lied."
why a second venture try?"—
rior thou, and ask me why!—
our free course by such fixed cause,
as the poor mechanic laws?
I, I sought to drive away
y hours of peaceful day;
ause will then suffice to guide
it's free footsteps far and wide;—
I flown, a grayhound strayed,
rry glance of mountain maid;
path be dangerous known,
ger's self is here alone."

Warrior, but yester-morn. I
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick
Save as an exiled desperate man
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and
With ruffian dagger stabbed a
Yet this alone might from his
Sever each true and loyal hear

VI.

Wrathful at such arraignment
Dark lowered the clansman's
A space he paused, then sternly
"And heardst thou why he drew
Heardst thou that shameful wrong
Brought Roderick's vengeance
What reck'd the Chieftain, if I
On highland heath, or Holy-Rood
He rights such wrong where it
If it were in the court of heav'n

VII.

Gael beheld him grim the while,
answered with disdainful smile,—
on, from yonder mountain high,
looked thee send delighted eye,
to the south and east, where lay,
aided in succession gay,
waving fields and pastures green,
gentle slopes and groves between—
fertile plains, that softened vale,
once the birthright of the Gael;
stranger came with iron hand,
from our fathers reft the land.
We dwell we now! See rudely swell
over crag, and fell o'er fell.
On this savage hill we tread

~~a seek~~ my nound, or falcon str
I seek, good faith, a highland
Free hadst thou been to come
But secret path marks secret fi
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doo
Save to fulfil an augury."—
"Well, let it pass; nor will I ne
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud th
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpin
In peace; but, when I come age
I come with banner, brand, and b
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For lovelorn swain, in lady's bow
Ne'er panted for the appointed ho
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band

The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still ;
Like the loose crags whose threat'ning mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Beledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now.
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;

Where heathen
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From lance and glaive, from targe and jaci
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

XI.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believ
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
"Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest; I pledg'd my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.

Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonoured and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then the wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

A better meeu have ween
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" "No, Stranger,
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
"Who spills the foremost foeman's life
His party conquers in the strife."—
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and st
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word
To restore thy native strengths restore

My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
—"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, be gone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.

XVI.

"Now, yield thee, or, by Him wh
The world, thy heart's blood dies
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to d
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through th
Like mountain-cat who guards h
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sp
Received, but reck'd not of a wo
And locked his arms his foeman
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine
No maiden's hand is round thee
That desperate grasp thy frame
Through bars of brass and triple
They tug, they strain;—down, d
The Gael above, Fitz-James belc
The Chieftain's gripe his throat
His knee was planted in his brea

Canto V. THE COMBAT.

11

Down came the blow ! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhop'd, from desperate strife ;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last ;
In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid,—
“ Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid ;
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valour give.”

No grasp upon the saddle girth,
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turned on the horse his armed heel,
And stirred his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair,
Then like a bolt from steel cross-bow
Forth launched, along the plain they go.
They dashed that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie's hill they flew ;
Still at the gallop pricked the knight,
His merry-men followed as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide ;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstone lies behind them cast.
They rise, the bannered towers of Doune
They sink in distant woodland soon ;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire
And like a breeze through Ochtert

THE COMBAT.

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strained,
Sudden his steed the leader reined ;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung :
" Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodman gray,
Who townward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array ?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain side ?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom ?"—
" No, by my word ;—a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A baron's train would nobly grace."—
" Out, out, De Vaux ! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye ?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I
Like form in G

As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare, for Douglas seeks his doom
— But hark ! what blithe and jolly sound
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?
And see ! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups that masquers meet
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports to-day
James will be there ; he loves such shows
Where the good yeoman bends his bow
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter snivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle park,
And play my prize : King James shall
If ever he has turned these sinuous streets

Canto V. THE COMBAT.

19

As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain,
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,
"Long live the Common's King, King James."

A silver dart, the archers' stake ;
Fondly he watched, with watery eye
Some answering glance of sympathy
No kind emotion made reply !
Indifferent, as to archer wight,
The Monarch gave the arrow bright

XXIII.

Now, clear the Ring ! for, hand to hand
The manly wrestlers take their stand
Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes
Nor called in vain ; for Douglas can
—For life is Hugh of Larbert lame,
Scarce better John of Alloo's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades
Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring,
While coldly glanced his eye of blue
As frozen drop of wintry dew.

... sent back the clang,
ing, with look unmoved, bestowed
se well filled with pieces broad.
nant smiled the Douglas proud,
hrew the gold among the crowd
now, with anxious wonder, scan,
harper glance, the dark grey man;
hispers rose among the throng,
heart so free, and hand so strong,
so the Douglas blood belong :
ld men mark'd, and shook the head,
his hair with silver spread,
inked aside, and told each son
s upon the English done,
uglas of the stalwart hand
iled from his native land.
men praised his stately form,
wreck'd by many a wintery storm;
th with awe and wonder saw
gth surpassing nature's law.
lged, as is their wont."

BUT Lufra,—WHOM NOT DOUGLAS
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er div:
The fleetest hound in all the North
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth
She left the royal hounds midway,
And dashing on the antler'd prey;
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank
And deep the flowing life-blood dri
The King's stout huntsman saw th
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unb
In anger struck the noble hound.
—The Douglas had endured, that
The King's cold look, the nobles' s
And last, and worst to spirit proud
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly brod,
To share his board, to watch his be
And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck
In maiden glee, with garlands decl
They were such play-mates that

XXVI.

Clamoured his comrades of the train,
And brandished swords and staves amain.
But stern the Baron's warning—"Back!
Back on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas.—Yes! behold,
King James, the Douglas, doomed of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."
—"Thus is my clemency repaid,
Presumptuous Lord!" the Monarch said;
"Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,

Hear, gentle friends! ere yet, for us,
We break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws;
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those chords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not sooth my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should draw
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me, that widow's mate expires,
— that orphans weep their sires,

Old men, upon the verge of life,
Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high
The self-devoted chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrong and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire :
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved,
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill they led,
And at the castle's battled verge,
With sighs, resigned their honoured charge.

XXX.

The offended monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,

'Tis said, in James's —
 These loose banditti stand arrayed.
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
 To break their muster marched, and soon
 Your grace will hear of battle fought;
 But earnestly the Earl besought,
 Till for such danger he provide,
 With scanty train you will not ride."—

XXXII.

'Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
 I should have earlier looked to this;
 I lost it in this bustling day.
 —Retrace with speed thy former way;
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
 The best of mine shall be thy meed.
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
 We do forbid the intended war;
 Roderick this morn, in single fight,
 Was made our prisoner by a knight,
 And Douglas hath himself and cause

XXXIII.

with King James's mood that day,
 ted gay feast and minstrel lay;
 n were dismissed the courtly throng,
 l soon cut short the festal song.
 less upon the saddened town
 e evening sunk in sorrow down:
 e burghers spoke of civil jar,
 umoured feuds and mountain war,
 Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
 up in arms:—the Douglas too,
 y mourned him pent within the hold,
 here stout Earl William was of old,^{37*}
 d there his word the speaker stayed.


THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE GUARD-ROOM.

I.

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,



All haggard from the midnight
And fevered with the stern day
For the oak table's massive beam
Flooded with wine, with fragrant
And beakers drained, and cups
Showed in what sport the night
Some, weary, snored on floor
Some laboured still their thirst
Some chilled with watching,
O'er the huge chimney's dying
While round them, or beside
At every step their harness rung

III.

These drew not for their field
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor owned the patriarchal clasp
Of chieftain in their leader's hand
Adventurers they, from far and wide
To live by battle which they loved

In camps licentious, wild and bold
In pillage fierce and uncontrolled ;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV.

They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought twixt Loch-Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech, and, mid their words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords ;
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighbouring to the court of guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard?

eye;
et whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the
ill she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot?
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good mother
Church,
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the
vicar!

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,
Stayed in mid roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went,—
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And, beat for jubilee your drum!
A maid and minstrel with him come."—
Fleming, gray and scarr'd,
of guard.

mrade ;—no such fortune mine.
e fight, these sought our line,
ed harper and the girl,
ving audience of the Earl,
le I should purvey them steed,
ng them hitherward with speed.
your mirth and rude alarm,
e shall do them shame or harm.”
e his boast !” cried John of Brent,
strife and jangling bent,—
e strike doe beside our lodge,
the jealous niggard grudge
re forester his fee ?
ny share howe’er it be,
f Moray, Mar, or thee.”—
is forward step withstood ;
ing in his vengeful mood,
though unfit for strife,
upon his dagger-knife ;
boldly stepped between.

And thou an outlaw s...
 An outlaw I by Forest laws,
 And merry Needwood knows the ca
 Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,
 He wiped his iron eye and brow,
 "Must bear such age, I think, as the
 Hear ye, my mates;—I go to call
 The captain of our watch to hall:
 There lies my halbert on the floor;
 And he that steps my halbert o'er,
 To do the maid injurious part,
 My shaft shall quiver in his heart!—
 Beware loose speech, or jesting rou
 Ye all know John de Brent. Enoug

IX.

Their captain came, a gallant you
 (Of Tullibardine's house he sprung
 Nor wore he yet the spurs of knigh
 Claw was his union, his humour lig

On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require?
Or may the venture suit a squire?"—
Her dark eye flash'd;—she paused and sighed,
"O what have I to do with pride!—
—Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King,
Behold, to back my suit, a ring.
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."—

X.

The signet ring young Lewis took,
With downy request and altered look.

Allan made sure —

“My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my master's face!
His minstrel I,—to share his doon
Bound from the cradle to the tomb
'Tenth in descent, since first my sire
Waked for his noble house their line
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own
With the Chief's birth begins our
Our harp must sooth the infant heir
Teach the youth tales of fight, and
His earliest feat of field or chase
In peace, in war, our rank we keep
We cheer his board, we sooth his
Nor leave him till we pour our
A doleful tribute! o'er his hearth
Then let me share his captive life
It is my right—deny it not!”—
“Little we reck,” said John of
— men of long de

...and headsman's sword,
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
By artists formed, who deemed it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-browed porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled.
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They entered :—'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Not a dungeon ; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Checked the sad walls and flirty floor.
"Here," said De Brent, "thou may'st remain
I then, retiring, bolt and chain,
Rusty bar he drew again.
Sed at the sound, from lowly bed
Pitive feebly raised his head ;
Wondering Minstrel look'd
His death—

Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou
Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do
(For Allan, who his mood well
Was choked with grief and tears
“Who fought—who fled?—O
Some might—for they had lost
Who basely live?—who brave!
“O, calm thee, Chief!” the Maid
“Ellen is safe;”—“For that, t
“And hopes are for the Douglas
The Lady Margaret too is well
And, for thy clan,—on field or
Has never harp of minstrel told
Of combat fought so true and bold
Thy stately pine is yet unbent,
Though many a goodly bough

XIV.

The Chieftain reared his form
And fever's fire was in his eyes

Canto VI. THE GUARD-ROOM.

1

I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears !
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
For the fair field of fighting men.
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soared from battle fray."
The trembling bard with awe obeyed,—
Slow on the harp his hand he laid ;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witnessed from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,
Awakened the full power of song,
And bore him in career along :—
As shallop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning.

Or bard of martial lay,
"Twere worth ten years of peace
One glance at their array.

XVI.

" Their light-armed archers far and
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and
A twilight forest frowned ;
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion ran
Still were the pipe and drum ;
Save heavy tread, and armour's cl
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests
Or wave their flags abroad ;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to qu
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings br

While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

" At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had peeled the banner-cry of hell !

Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,

The archery appear :

For life ! for life ! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids, and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in their rear.

As when the whirlwind rends
I heard the broadsword's dead
As if a hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's
— 'My banner-man, advance
I see,' he cried, 'their column's
Now, gallants! for your ladies'
Upon them with the lance
The horsemen dashed among them
As deer break through the brake
Their steeds are stout, their sward
They soon make lightsome
Clan-Alpine's best are backward
Where, where, was Roderick
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men
And reflux through the pass
The battle's tide was pour'd;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling

XIX

"Now westward rolls the battle din,
That deep and doubling pass within.
Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on: its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosach's dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath me cast.

The sun is set:—the clouds are met.

The lowering scow of heaven

An inky hue of livid blue

To the deep lake has given;

Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.

... or yore the robber band
Their booty went to pile;
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we tame the war-wolf the
Lords of his mate, and brood, and
Forth from the ranks a spearman sp
On earth his casque and corslet run
He plunged him in the wave :—
All saw the deed—the purpose knew
And to their clamours Benvenuto

A mingled echo gave ;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer
The helpless females scream for fear
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering he
A whirlwind swept Loch-Katrine's b
Her billow reared his snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer

Another flash!—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern Matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger staining blood.

XXI.

"Revenge! revenge!" the Saxons cried
The Gael's exulting shout replied,
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they clos'd in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the monarch's name, afar
A herald's voice forbade the war;
For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold."—
But here the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the minstrel's hand!
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
That motion ceased—yet feeling strong,
Varied his look as changed the song;
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp, his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth,—his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy.
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

For thee, O daughter mine,
The shelter of her exiled line,—
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wait for Alpine's honoured pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon h
What tears of burning rage shall thrill
When mourns thy tribe thy battles don
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy lir
But would have given his life for thine
O wo for Alpine's honoured pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cag
The prisoner eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain, . .

And for her use a menial train,
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
Or if she looked, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawn'd the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun deer hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claimed with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm-Græme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betrayed—

And homeward went with evening
A blithsome welcome blithely meo
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee
That life is lost to love and me!

XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turned her head
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear
And Snowdoun's graceful knight w
She turned the hastier, lest again
'The prisoner should renew his strain
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" sh
"How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt."—"O say not so
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy friend."

Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue fancy frames
Aerial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing stayed;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought who owned this state.

ask thought for Douglas ;—ye
His prince and he have much :
Wrong hath he had from sland
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wro
We would not to the vulgar cr
Yield what they craved with c
Calmly we heard and judged
Our council aided and our law
I snatched thy father's death-f
With stout De Vaux and gray
And Bothwell's Lord hencefort
The friend and bulwark of our
But, lovely infidel, how now ?
What clouds thy misbelieving
Lord James of Douglas, lend t
Thou must confirm this doubt

XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas
And on his neck his daughter h

"Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdon claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause!"—
Then in a tone apart and low,
—"Ah, little trait'ress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"—
Aloud he spoke—"Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,

who, nurtured underneath our air
Has paid our care by treacherous
And sought, amid thy faithful clasp
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.
Fetters and warder for the Græne
His chain of gold the King unstrung
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung
Then gently drew the glittering band
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

HARP of the North, Farewell! Thy
dark,

On purple peaks a deeper shade do
In twilight copse the glow-worm light
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain

When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine
own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee
well!



NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

Note I.

— *The heights of Uam-var,
And roused the cavern where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old.* Stanza iv. line 3.

Ua var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaigh-mor*, is a mountain to the northeast of the village of Cal'ender in Menteth, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said by tradition to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times it was the refuge of robbers and

Whereupon we may presume
proove white sometimes, but they are
the Greffiers or Bouxes, which we have
The Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting
lected for the use of all Noblemen as
1611 4. p. 15.

Note III.

*For the death wound, and death
Mustered his breath, his skin*

When the stag turned to bay, the
perilous task of going in upon, and
desperate animal. At certain times
held particularly dangerous, a wound
horns being then deemed poisonous
than one from the tusks of a boar, and

If thou be hurt with hart it brings
But barber's hand will bore's hurt
not fear.

At all times, however, the task was
adventured upon wisely and warily
the stag while he was gazing on the
yellow roundly

NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

It. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seems words made an escape from him; as by his denial and penitance it appeared. But this made mee more violent pursuite of the stag, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the only horseman in, when the dogs sett him up at bay; and approaching nere him on horseback, I broke through the dogs, and run at me, and tore my horse aside with his hornes, close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse and grew more cunning (for the dogs had sette him up againe,) stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his ham-strings; and then got upon his back, and cut his throat, which as I was doing, the company came in, and blam'd my rashness for running such a hazard."—*Peck's Description Curiosa*, li. 464.

Note IV.

*And now to issue from the glen
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,*

produced in favour of the existence is called in Gaelic *Taishitaraugh*, a shadowy appearance, and those persons call *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly Martin, a steady believer in the following account of it.

"The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing invisible objects, without any aid from the person that uses it for that end; it produces a lively impression upon the seers, they think of any thing else, except the vision; and then they appear present to the object which was represented.

"At the sight of a vision, the eyes are erected, and the eyes continue staring. This is obvious to others who happen to see a vision, and occurs to their own observation, and to others that

"There is one in Skie, of whom I have heard, that when he sees a vision, his eyes turn so far upwards, that after he must draw them down with his hands, he employs others to draw them down, the much easier way.

"This faculty of the second-sight does not exist in a family, as some families have

" If an object is seen early in the morning, (which is frequent,) it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will be commonly accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the latter always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

" When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death: the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when a person of whom the observation were then made enjoyed perfect health.

" One instance was lately foretold by a seer that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintances. This was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence; I being one of the number did not in the least regret it, until the death of the person about the time foretold, confirmed me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above is now a skilful seer, as appears from many late instances; he lives in the parish of St. Mary, the most northern in Skie.

" If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it

"When a novice, or one that has
second sight, sees a vision in the night
and comes near a fire, he presently finds

"Some find themselves as it were
having a corpse which they carry away
after such visions the seers come in
the people that appeared: if there be
any among them, they give an account
also of the bearers, but they know not
the corpse.

"All those who have the second sight
these visions at once, though they be
But if one who has this faculty, designs
seer at the instant of a vision's appearance
sees it as well as the first; and this is
by those that are near them on such occasions
Description of the Western Islands
et seq.

To these particulars innumerable
added, all attested by grave and credible
despite of evidence, which neither Bacon
son were able to resist, the *Taisch*, &
properties, seems to be now universal
use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful
will at once occur to the recollection of

rocky mountain, called Letternillichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for a habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. The whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from one end all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of a Cage, and by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the fall of the rock, which was so much of the same

Romance of Charlemagne, I. 461-48

Ascapart, or Ascabart, makes a v
History of Bevis of Hampton, by w
His effigies may be seen guarding or
ampton, while the other is occupie
The dimensions of Ascapart were l
Ferragus, if the following descriptio

"They metten with a
With a lotheliche sembla
He was wonderliche stro
Rome (r) thretti fote long
His bred was both gret ar
A space of a fot betwene
His clob was, to yeue (k)
A lite bodi of an oak. (l)

Beues hadde of him wol
And askede him what a h
And yaf (x) men of his co
Were ase meche (u) ase w
'Me name,' a sede, (p) 'is
Garci me sent hideward.
For to be

And now icham in this londe,
 I wax mor (æ) ich understonde,
 And strengere than other tene; (x)
 And that schel on us be senc."

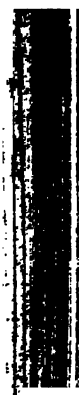
Sir Bevis of Hampton, l. 2512. *Auchinleck MS.* fol. 189.

NOTE IX

Though all unasked his birth and name. St. xxix. line 10.
 The highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish, to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would, in many cases, have produced the discovery of some circumstance, which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

NOTE X.

— — — *And still a harp unseen,*



... ..
Except in bagpipe or in harp.

... about one, it is a
... the time is judged according to t
about the person ; for if it is not seen above th
h is not to be expected for the space of a year,
some months longer ; and as it is frequently
nd higher towards the head, death is concluded
l within a few days, if not hours, as daily exp
ams. Examples of this kind were shown me, w
on of whom the observation were then made e
ect health.

One instance was lately foretold by a seer that
ice, concerning the death of one of my acquaint
was communicated to a few only, and with great
e ; I being one of the number did not in the least r
all the death of the person about the time foretold
in me of the certainty of the prediction. The m
oned above is now a skilful seer, as appears f
late instances ; he lives in the parish of St. Ma
st northern in Skie.

A woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it
that she will be his wife. whether they be mar
2, or unmarried at the time of the apparition
vo or three women are seen at once near a m
l, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his
so on, whether all three or the man be
at the time of the vision or not
te instances

"When a novice, or one that has just
second sight, sees a vision in the night-time
and comes near a fire, he presently falls in

"Some find themselves as it were in a
having a corpse which they carry along
after such visions the seers come in sweat
the people that appeared: if there be any o
ance among 'em, they give an account of
also of the bearers, but they know nothing
corpse.

"All those who have the second-sight do
these visions at once, though they be toget
But if one who has this faculty, designedly
seer at the instant of a vision's appearing,
sees it as well as the first; and this is som
by those that are near them on such occasio
Description of the Western Islands, 17.
et seq.

To these particulars innumerable exam
added, all attested by grave and credible a
despite of evidence, which neither Bacon,
son were able to resist, the *Taisch*, with
properties, seems to be now universally a
use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful
will at once occur to the recollection of ev

There were bet
 many on their own roots, som
 the earth, which with the trees, were into
 ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to th
 age, it being of a round or rather oval shape ;
 e thatched and covered over with fog. The whole
 , as it were, by a large tree, which reclined fro
 ill along the roof, to the other, and which gave
 e of a Cage, and by chance there happened to b
 s at a small distance from one another, in the side
 precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, w
 ire was placed. The smoke had its vent out her
 the fall of the rock, which was so much of the s
 , that one could discover no difference in the clea
 —*Home's History of the rebellion*, Lond. 1802. 4u

Note VIII.

sire's tall form might grace the part
Ferragus or Ascabart. Stanza xxviii. line 13.
 two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fab
 is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by t
 Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and w
 slain by him in single combat. There is a roman
 chineck MS., in which Ferragus is "

Ascapart, or Ascabart, makes a very ma
History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom
His effigies may be seen guarding one side
ampton, while the other is occupied by f
The dimensions of Ascapart were little in
Ferragus, if the following description be c

"They metten with a geaun
With a lotheliche semblaunt.
He was wonderliche strong :
Rome (g) thretti fote long.
His bred was both gret and rov
A space of a fot betwene is (s)
His clob was, to yeue (k) a stre
A lite bodi of an oak. (l)

Beues hadde of him wonder
And askede him what a het, (s)
And yaf (a) men of his contr
Ware ase meche (o) ase was he
'Me name,' a sede, (p) 'is Asc
Garci me sent hideward,
For to bring this quene ayen,

reeds were so frequent among them, that a
would, in many cases, have produced the disc
e circumstance, which might have excluded t
the benefit of the assistance he stood in need

Note X.

—And still a harp unseen,
led up the symphony between. Stanza xxx. lin
They (meaning the highlanders) delight much
but chiefly in harps and clairschoes of their o
The strings of the clairschoes are made of bra
he strings of the harp of sinews; which stri
either with their nayles, growing long, or el
strument appoited for that use. They tal
re to decke their harps and clairschoes with
ecious stones; the poore ones that cannot attay
deck them with christall. They sing verses
und, contayning (for the most part) prayses of
There is not almost any other argument, w
yhmes intreat. They speak the ancient Fren
altered a little."†—"The harp and clairsch
eard of in ancient song only in the highland
period these instruments ceased to be used, la
; and tradition is silent on this head.

an nothing way to account any
Except in bagpipe or in harp.

... which he inhabited, the capital, if I
German province. He had accidentally involun-
tarily entered the narrow and winding streets of a subur-
ban quarter of the lowest order of the people, and an approach-
ing storm determined him to ask a short refuge
in a habitation that was near him. He knew
that which was opened by a tall man, of a grimal
aspect, and sordid dress. The stranger v
d to a chamber, where swords, scourges, and
seemed to be implements of torture, where
wall. One of these swords dropt from its sc
leman, after a moment's hesitation, crossed
his host immediately stared at him with such
on, that the young man could not help de-
and business, and the meaning of his looki
r. "I am," answered the man, "the publi-
this city: and the incident you have obser-
ry, that I shall, in discharge of my duty, once
ead with the weapon which has just now
sheathed itself." The nobleman lost no
is place of refuge; but, engaging in some
period, was shortly after decapitated by th
instrument.

what is said, by the author of the Letters from
ve affirmed, that a number of

*The Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, tr
lected for the use of all Noblemen and G
1611 4. p. 15.*

Note III.

*For the death wound, and death holl
Mustered his breath, his whinyard a
Stai*

When the stag turned to bay, the anclen
perilous task of going in upon, and killing
desperate animal. At certain times of th
held particularly dangerous, a wound receiv
horns being then deemed poisonous, and
than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old
If thou be hurt with hart it brings thee to tl
But barber's hand will bore's hurt heel, the
not fear.

At all times, however, the task was dange
adventured upon wisely and warily, either b
the stag while he was gazing on the houn
an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon hi
with the sword. See many directions to thi
Booke of Hunting, chap. 41. Wilmon. the

... behind him (for the dogs had settled
 wings; and then got upon his back, and cut his throat
 as I was doing, the company came in, and blam-
 ed me for running such a hazard."—*Peck's Description*
of the Trossachs, II. 464.

Note IV.

*And now to issue from the glen
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,
 A far projecting precipice.*

Stanza xiv. line 1.

The present road was made through the romantic
 glen. I have presumptuously attempted to describe in
 the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of
 the Trossachs, excepting by a sort of ladder,
 formed by the branches and roots of the trees.

Note V.

*With highland plunderers here
 More than loss of steed or deer.* St. xvi. line 13.
 The regions in the
 neighbourhood of Loch-Katrine, were even until
 lately addicted to predatory ex-
 cursions.

is called in Gaelic *Taishitaraugh*, from *Tais* shadowy appearance, and those possessed of it call *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly translated Martin, a steady believer in the second sight following account of it.

"The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing invisible object, without any previous notice to the person that uses it for that end; the vision is lively impression upon the seers, that they never think of any thing else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or joyful to the object which was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the seer are erected, and the eyes continue staring, until the vision is over. This is obvious to others who are by, who often happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom I have heard, that when he sees a vision, the inner palpebrae turn so far upwards, that after the object is over he must draw them down with his fingers, and employs others to draw them down, which he does in the much easier way.

"This faculty of the second-sight does not line in a family, as some imagine for the

the time is judged -- one, it is a sure
about the person ; for if it is not seen above the mi
th is not to be expected for the space of a year, and
s some months longer ; and as it is frequently see
nd higher towards the head, death is concluded to b
l within a few days, if not hours, as daily experie
ms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when
m of whom the observation were then made enjo
ct health.

One instance was lately foretold by a seer that was
e, concerning the death of one of my acquaintanc
as communicated to a few only, and with great cor
; I being one of the number did not in the least rega
ll the death of the person about the time foretold, d
n me of the certainty of the prediction. The nov
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st northern in Skie.

A woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is
that she will be his wife, whether they be married
a, or unmarried at the time of the apparition
vo or three women are seen at once near a man's
l, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife
so on, whether all three or the man be single or
at the time of the vision or not ; of which the
its instances among those of

NOTE XVI.

Rest safe till morning—pity 'twere

Such cheek should feel the midnight air. St. xxiv. line 7.

Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yes it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of old sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury. "Out upon thee," said he, kick the frozen bolster from the head which it supported, "thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?" The officer engineers, whose curious letters from the highlands have been more than once quoted, tells a similar story of Donald of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks:

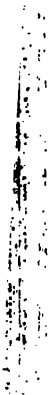
"And many other stories are romantic; but the truth might seem very roma

necessity, till they were, as we say, wet through and through. And that is soon effected by the looseness and spunginess of the plaiding; but the bonnet is frequently taken off, and wrung like a dishclout, and then put on again.

"They have been accustomed from their infancy to be often wet, and to take the water like spaniels, and this is become a second nature, and can scarcely be called a hardship to them, insomuch that I used to say, they seemed to be of the duck kind, and to love water as well. Though I never saw this preparation for sleep in windy weather, yet setting out early in a morning from one of the huts, I have seen the marks of their lodging, where the ground has been free from rime or snow, which remained all round the spot where they had lain"—*Letters from Scotland*. Lond. 1754 8vo. II. p. 108.

Note XVII.

If a line were added, Stanza xxxv. line 15.



NOTES TO CANTO THIRD

Note I.

And while the Fiery Cross glanced like a meteor

Stanza

When a chieftain designed to summon his clan in any sudden or important emergency, he slew a lamb, making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities with the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the lamb. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Craan Tair*, *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the

every man . . .
 his arms and expenses for ten or twenty,
 his or their houses shall be burnt, (which is intim
 burning of the staff) or else the master to be hang
 is signified by the cord tied to it) to appear speed
 a bank, or field, or valley, to hear the cause he is
 to receive orders from the said provincial gover
 he should do. Wherefore that messenger, swift
 post or waggon, having done his commission, co
 back again, bringing a token with him that he ha
 legally; and every moment one or other runs to
 lage, and tells those places what they must do.
 messengers, therefore, of the footman, that are t
 ning to the people to meet for the battail, run
 swiftly; for no snow, nor rain, nor heat, can sto
 night hold them; but they will soon run the r
 detake. The first messenger tells it to the next
 that to the next; and so the hubbub runs all o
 all know it in that stift or territory, where
 wherefore they must meet."—*Olaus Magnus'*
the Goths, Englished by J. S. Lond. 1659. book

Note II.

That Monk of savage form and face. Stanza
 . . . of religion in the middle ages affo

there were some who having celebrated mass for ten years were still unable to read the sacramental service. We have also understood there are persons among them, who, although not ordained, do take upon them the offices of priesthood; and, in contempt of God, celebrate divine and sacred rites, and administer the sacraments, not only in sacred and dedicated places, but in those which are profane and interdicted, and most wretchedly ruinous; they themselves being attired in ragged, torn, and most filthy vestments, altogether unfit to be used in divine or even in temporal offices. The which said chaplains do administer sacraments and sacramental rites to the aforesaid manifest and infamous thieves, robbers, depredators, receivers of stolen goods, and plunderers, and that without restitution or intention to restore, as is evinced by the fact; and do also openly admit them to the rites of ecclesiastical sepulture, without exacting security for restitution, although they are prohibited from doing so by the sacred canons, as we see by the institutes of the saints and fathers. All which is

to rebels
Affirming that it is
an almose deed to God,
To make the English subje
the Irish rebels' rodde.
To spoile, to kill, to burne;
this friar's counsell is;
And for the doing of the s
he warrants heavenlie b
He tells a holie tale;
the white he tournes to
And though the pardon's
he workes a knavishe l

The wreckful invasion of a par
then described with some spirit;
driving off cattle, and all perta
inroads, is illustrated by a rude
Irish, by a party of English sold
son, is then commemorated, and
with an engraving, in which the
ing over the slain chieftain; or

The friar, then, that treacherou
hone lament.

the Devil's-son to

It longs not to my parte
 infernall things to knowe ;
 But I beleve till later daie,
 thei rise not from belowe.
 Yet hope that friers give
 to this rebellious rout,
 If that their soules should chaunce in hell,
 to bring them quicklie out,
 Doeth make them lead suche lives,
 As neither God nor man,
 Without revenge for their desartes,
 permitte or suffer can.
 Thus friers are the cause,
 the fountain and the spring,
 Of hurleburles in this lande,
 of eche unhappie thing.
 Thei cause them to rebell
 against their soveraigne quene :
 And through rebellion often tymes,
 their lives do vanishe cleue.
 So as by friers meanes,
 in whom all follie swimme,
 The Irish karne do often lose
 the life, with ledde and limme*

As the Irish tribes, and those of the Scottish highlands are much more intimately allied, by language, manners, dress, and customs, than the antiquaries of either country have been willing to admit, I flatter myself I have here produced a strong warrant for the character sketched in the text. The following picture, though of a different kind, serves to establish the existence of ascetic religionists, to a comparatively late period, in the highlands and western isles. There is a great deal of simplicity in the description, for which, as for much similar information, I am obliged to Dr. John Martin, who visited the Hebrides at the suggestion of sir Robert Sibbald, a Scottish antiquary of eminence, and early in the eighteenth century published a description of them, which procured him admission into the Royal Society. He died in London about 1719. His works is a strange mixture of learning, observation and gross credulity.

"I remember," says this author, "I have seen an old lay-capuchin here (in the island of Benbecula) called in their language *Brakirbocht*, that is, *Peor-Brother*; which is liter

* This curious Picture of Ireland was inserted by the author in the republication of Somers's Tracts, vol. I. in which the plates have been also inserted, from the only impression known to exist, belonging to the copy in the Advocates Library. See Somers's Tracts, vol. I. p. 594.



made of horse-hair. This plaid he wore by those of his order in other he wanted the flaxen girdle that wear: he answered me, that he wore was the same thing. Upon the morning when at meat, he answers again; 'the custom of his order. This poor man himself with angling of trouts: he lies bell (as others have) to call him to his conscience, as he told me.'—*Mart Western Islands*, p. 82.

Note III.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were.
The legend which follows is not of It is possible he may differ from modern that the records of human superstition characteristic of, the country in which a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives assent to the narrower proposition attempts of an irregular and disorderly error, by accumulating a train of fearful horrors, whether borrowed from all upon a narrative belonging to one w

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

11

the tenth part of a myle from this church, he certaine men
which they did not know what they were. And long tyme
thereafter, certaine herds of that toun, and of the ney-
lonne, called Unnatt, both were wenches and youtbes, did
in a tyme convene with others on that hill: and the day
being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men
that were slayne long tyme before in that place, and did
make a fire to warm them. At last they did all remove
from the fire except one maid or wench which was very
cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being
quyetlie her alone, without any other companie, took up
the cloths above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind
did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was concei-
ved of a man-child. Severall tymes thereafter she was very
sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chylde. And
then her parents did ask her the matter beiroff, which the
wench could not well answer which way to satisfie them.
At last she resolved them with an answer. As fortune fell
upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the chyl-



mit, that he should credit the numerous which the minds of ordinary highlanders imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to. The River Dæmon, or River-horse, for which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the popular imagination, a mischievous and malicious spirit, delighting to foretell calamity. He frequents most highland lakes. One of his most memorable exploits is the sinking of the brigs of Loch Vennachar, in the year 1719, which forms the scene of our action: it consisted of a funeral procession with all its attendant "tide bag," called in Gaelic *Glas-lich*, a gigantic female figure, is supposed to inhabit the district of Knoidart. A goblin dressed in a red and white garment, and having one hand covered with blood, is called *Lham dearg*, or Red-hand, and is believed to frequent the forests of Glenmore and Rothemurcus. The "fairies," all frightful in shape, and malicious in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains of the highlands, where any unusual appearance, by mist, or the strange lights that appear upon particular objects, never fails to give food to the imagination of the solitary and superstitious.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD

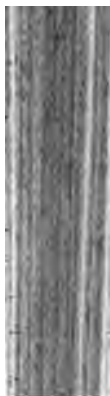
particular families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a blue mantle, and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish.

The death of the head of a highland family is also sometimes supposed to be announced by a chain of lights of different colours, called *Dr'eug*, or Death of the Druid. The direction which it takes marks the place of the funeral.

Note VII.

*Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, carcering fast
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride.* St. vii. line 2

A presage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a steep bank, and then



and part of the form, how-
tance from the ground, as
meat, excluded the possibi-
this world. The face was
some woman, but pale, an
loose and dishevelled. The
error did not prevent her
of the ancient Irish. This
itself for some time, and
similar to that which had fi-
tion. In the morning, with
to her host what she had wi-
not only to credit but to a
near relation of my family,
this castle. We disguised
event from you, lest it shoul-
ful reception which was y-
event happens in this fami-
whom you have seen always
the spirit of a woman of i-
ancestors degraded himself
wards to expiate the dishon-
to be drowned in the castle

The *rogue* of the highlanders is made
 in a manner, with holes to admit and let out the
 walking the moors dry shod is a matter altogeth-
 er different. The ancient uskin was still rude
 made of the undressed deer's hide, with the hair on
 the inside, a circumstance which procured the highlanders the
 name epithet of *Red-shanks*. The process is very
 well described by one Kildar (himself a highlander)
 sent for a union between England and Scotland
 sent to Henry VIII. "We go a hunting, and after
 we have slain red-deer, we flay off the skin by and by
 with the edge of our bare-foot on the inside thereof, for want
 of shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play
 the compassers, compassing and measuring so much thereof
 as reach up to our ankles, pricking the upper part thereof
 with holes, that the water may repass where it enters,
 and binding it up with a strong thong of the same above
 the ankles. So and please your noble grace, we use
 the same. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes,
 we are airy side outwards, in your grace's dominions
 we be called *Roughfooted Scots*."—*Pinkert*
 vol. II. p. 397.

Note X.

The name of the

Thy dwelling is the winter house ;—
 Loud, sad, and mighty is thy death song
 Oh ! courteous champion of Montrose !—
 Oh ! stately warrior of the Celtic Isles !
 Thou shalt buckle thy harness on no mo

The coronach has for some years past been
 funerals by the use of the bagpipe, and th
 many other highland peculiarities, falling
 unless in remote districts.

Note XI.

*Benleat saw, the Cross of Fire,
 It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ira.*

A glance at the provincial map of Perthsh
 large map of Scotland, will trace the progres
 through the small district of lakes and mou
 in exercise of my poetical privilege, I bu
 to the authority of my imaginary chieftain
 at the period of my romance, was really o
 clan who claimed a descent from Alpine, a
 unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neit
 distinguished, least powerful nor least brave.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

1

Sava, or *Ardmandave*, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of *Lumsig*, and through the various glens in the district of *Balquidder*, including the neighbouring tracts of *Glenfinlas* and *Strathgartney*.

Note XII.

*Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze.* St. xxiv. line

It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the heath on the Scottish moor-lands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced in room of the tough old heather plants. The custom (execrated by sportsmen,) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. The simile is not new to poets. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of *Hardyknute*



NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH

Note I.

*The Taghairm called, by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.* St. iv. line 9.

The highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly slain bullock, and deposited beside a water-fall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation, he revolved in his mind the question, *what would become of me?* and whatever was answered upon him, he believed to be the truth.

him; his whole body was covered with it except his face, and so left in this posture all night, until his invisible friend relieved him, by giving a proper answer to the question; which he received, as he fancied, from several persons that he found about him all that time. His consorts came to him at the break of day, and then he communicated the news to them; which often proved fatal to those concerned in such unwarrantable inquiries.

"There was a third way of consulting, which was a variation of the second above mentioned. The sorcerer and his party who put the man into the hide, took a live cat and fastened him on a spit; one of the number was employed to turn the spit, and one of his consorts inquired of him, What would he do? he answered, I roast this cat, until his friends asked him the question; which must be the same that was proposed to the man shut up in the hide. And afterwards a very loud noise was made, attended by a number of lesser cats, desiring to know the result. The cat turned upon the spit, and then answers the question. If this answer proved the same that was given to the man in the hide, then it was taken as a confirmation of the truth of the oracle, which in this case was believed infallible.

"Mr. Alexander Cooper, present minister of Northampton, told me that one John Krack, in the Isle of Lewis, had consulted him, it was his fate to have been led by his curiosity into some mischief, some who consulted this oracle, and that he was

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

10

Note II.

*The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry men Gallangad.* St. iv. line 3

I know not if it be worth observing that this passage taken almost literally from the mouth of an old highland Kerne, or Ketteran, as they were called. He used to narrate the merry doings of the good old time when he was followed of *Ghlune Dhu*, or *Black-knee*, a relation of Rob Roy Macgregor, and hardly his inferior in fame. This leader, on one occasion, thought proper to make a descent upon the lower part of the Loch-Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the kirk of Drymen, to pay him black mail, i. e. tribute for forbearance and protection. As this invitation was supported by a band of thirty or forty stout fellows, only one gentleman, an ancestor, if I mistake not, of the present Mr. Grahame, of Gartmore, ventured to decline compliance. Ghlune Dhu instantly swept his land

have been the very ceremony.

"The raven he yaf his yiftes
Sat on the fourched tree."

Sir Tristrem, 2d ed. p. 34.

The raven might also challenge his rights by the book of Saint Albans; for thus says Dame Juliana Berners:—

Slitteth anon
The bely to the side from the corbyn bone,

That is corbine's fee, at the death he will be.

Johnson, in "The Sad Shepherd," gives a more poetic account of the same ceremony:

Marian—He that undoes him,
Doth cleave the brisket bone upon the spoon,
Of which a little grisile grows—you call it—

Robin Hood—The raven's bone.

Marian—Now o'er head sat a raven
On a sere lough, a grown, great hird, and hoarse,
Who, all the time the deer was breaking up,
So croaked and cried for it, as all the huntsmen,
Especially old Scathlocke, thought it ominous."

Note V.

which spills the foremost foeman's life,
in the strife. Stanza vi. line 11
the respo

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

heroic songs, first published in 1591, and reprinted and inscribed by Anders Sofresen, the collector and editor of the *Sophia Queen of Denmark*. I have been favoured with a literal translation of the original, by my learned friend Robert Jamieson, whose deep knowledge of Scandinavian antiquities will, I hope, one day be displayed in illustrations of the history of Scottish Ballad and Song, for which he possesses more ample materials. The story will remind readers of the Border Minstrelsy of the tale of The *Ynglinga Tamlane*. But this is only a solitary and not very marked instance of coincidence, whereas several of the other ballads in the same collection, find exact counterparts in the *Kæmpe Viser*. Which may have been the originals, will be a question for future antiquarians. Mr. Jamieson, to secure the power of literal translation, has adopted the old Scottish idiom, which approaches so near to that of the Danish, as to most to give word for word, as well as line for line, and indeed in many verses the orthography alone is altered. *Wester Haf*, mentioned in the first stanza of the ballad, means the *West Sea*, in opposition to the Baltic. Mr. Jamieson inclines to be of opinion that the *disenchantment* is laid on the *lands*. The

Syne speered the elf in the moon
"Wha's hacking here sae fast?"

5.

Syne up and spak the weiest elf,
Crean'd as an inert sma ;
"It's here is come a christian man :
"I'll fleg him or he ga."

6.

It's up syne started the ferstin elf,
And glowr'd about sae grim ;
"It's well awa' to the husbanc's ho
And hald a court on him.

7.

"Here hews he down baith skugg an
And works us skaith and scorn ;
His huswife he sall gie to me ;
They's rue the day they were born

8.

The elfin a' i' the knock that were
Gaed dancing in a string ;
They nighed near the husband's hou

And they the husbände's guests maun be,
To eat and drink wi' him.

11.

The husbände out o' Villenshaw'
At his winnock the Elves can see:
"Help me, now, Jesu, Mary's son;
Thir Elves they mint at me!"

12.

In every nook a cross he coost,
In his chalmer maist ava
The Elfin a' were fley'd thereat,
And flew to the wild-wood shaw,

13.

And some flew east, and some flew west,
And some to the norwart flew;
And some they flew to the deep pale down,
There still they are, I trow. (a)

14.

It was then the weist Elf,
In at the door braids he;
Agast was the husbände, for that Elf
For cross nor sign wad flee.

15.

The huswife she was a canny wife,
She set the Elf at the board;
She set afore him baith ale and meat,
Wi' mony a well-waled word.

16.

"Hear thou, Gudeman o' Villenshaw,
What now I say to thee;
Wha bad you bigg within our bounds
Without the leave o' me?"

17.

"But an thou in our bounds will bigg
And bide, as well may be,
Then thou thy dearest huswife maun
To me for a lemman gie."

(a) *In the Danish:*

"Somme floye oster, og somme floye vesten.
Nogle floye ner paa;
Nogle floye ned i dybens dale,
Jeg troer de ere der endnu."

And tak whate'er o' gude or gear
Is mine, awa wi' thee."

20.

"Then I'll thy Eline tak and thee
Aneath my feet to tread;
And hide thy goud and white monie
Aneath my dwelling stead."

21.

The husbando and the household a'
In sary rede they join:
"Far better that she be now forfairn,
Nor that we a' should tyne."

22.

Up, will of rede, the husbando stood,
Wi' heart fu' sad and sair;
And he has gien his huswife Eline
Wi' the young Elf to fare.

23.

Then blyth grew he, and sprang about.
He took her in his arm:
"And is that her smiling cheek."

NOTES TO CANTO FOUR

Syne the laidliest fiend he grew that e
To mortal ee did kyth.

27.
When he the thirdeen time can mint,
To Mary's son she pray'd,
And the lairdly elf was clean awa,
And a fair knight in his stead.

28.
This fell under a linden green,
That again his shape he found;
O' wae and care was the word me mair,
A' were sae glad that stound.

29.
'O dearest Eline, hear thou this,
And thou my wife s'all be,
And a' the goud in merry England
Sae freely I'll gie thee.

30.
"Whan I was but a little wee baern,
My mither died me frae;
My stepmither sent me awa frae her:
I turn'd till an *Elfin Gray*.

31.
"To thy husband I a gift will gie,
Wi' mickle state and gear,
As mends for Eline his huswife;
Thou's be my heartis dear."

32.
"Thou nobil knyght, we thank now God
That has freed us frae skaith;
Sae wed thou thee a maiden free,
And joy attend ye baith!

33.
"Sin I to thee na maik can be,
My dochter may be thine;
And thy gude will right to fulfil,
Lat this be our propine."

34.
"I thank thee, Eline, thou wise woman;
My praise thy worth shall hae;
And thy love gin I fail to win,
Thou here at hame shall stay."

DICTIONARY.

a woody fastness. *Husbands*,
and *bonds*, a villain, or bonds-
man of the ground, and could not
be attached, without the per-
son is in the sense of the word in the
Fig, build. *Ligg*, lie. *Dass*, does.
sorely.

terrible. *Bald*, bold.
are joined at the top, for support.
Bawks, balks; cross beams. *Mosk*,
peer'd, asked. *Knock*, hillock.
can'd, shrunk, diminished; from
very small. *Immert*, emmit; ant.
Danish ballads, &c. in contradic-
tion it is in England, in contradic-
tion sense, a person of the lower class,
all a *Jew* or a *Turk*, a *Christian*.

d, hold.
h, harm.

ts, in the Dan. *tude*, is applied both
to, and the sound of a horn. *Scricks*.

agustingly, *ugly*. *Grim*, fierce.

Mint, aim at.
er, chamber. *Maist*, most. *Ava*



21. *Sary*, sorrowful. *Rede*, counsel; consultation. *Fairn*, forlorn; lost, gone. *T'yne*, (verb neut ' he lost perish.
22. *Will of rede*, bewildered in thought; in the Danish original "*vildraadige*," Lat. "*inops consilii*." This expression is left among the *desiderata* in the Glossary to Ritson's Romances, and has never been explained.
23. *Rud*, red of the cheek. *Clem'd*, in the Danish, *klem* (which in the north of England, is still in use, as the word *starved* is with us;) brought to a dying state. It is used by our old comedians. *Harm*, grief; as in the original and in the old Teutonic, English, and Scottish poetry.
24. *Wæfn*, woful. *Moody*, strongly and willfully passionate. *Rew*, take ruth; pity. *Unseely*, unhappy; unblest. *Wierd*, fate. *Fa*, (Isel. Dan. and Swed.) take; get; acquire; procure; have for my lot. This Gothic verb answers, in its direct and secondary signification exactly

Svend Dyring hand rider sig op ----
(Vare jeg selver ung,)
Der fæste hand sig saa ven en mose.
(Mig lyster udi lunden at ride,) &c.

Child Dyring has ridden him up under oe,*
(And O gin I were young!)

There he has wedded sae fair a may.
(I' the greenwood it lists me to ride.)

Thegither they liv'd for seven lang year,
(And O, &c.)

And they seven bairns nae-gotten in fere
(I' the greenwood, &c.)

Sae Death's come there intill that stead,
And that winsun lily flower is dead.

That swain he has ridden him up under oe,
And syne he has married anither may.

He's married a may, and he fessen her hame;
But she was a grim and a laidly dame.

Whan into the castell court drave she,
The seven bairns stuid wi' the tear in their ee.

 -- mead to the bairnies she gave:
 -- have."

That heard the wife under the eard that lay:
"Forsooth maun I to my bairnies gae!"

That wife can stand up at our lord's knee,
And "may I gang and my bairnies see?"

She prigged sae sair, and she prigged sae lang,
That he at the last gae her leave to gang.

"And thou sall come back when the cock does crow
For thou nae langer sall bide awa."

Wi' her banes sae stark, a bowt she gave;
She's riven baith wa' and marble gray.*

Whan near to the dwelling she can gang,
The dogs they wow'd till the lift it rang.†

Whan she cam till the castell yett,
Her eldest dochter stood thereat.

" Up spak little Kirstin in bed that
" To thy bairnies I'll do the best I c

Ay whan they heard the dog nirr a
Sae gae they the bairnies bread and

Ay whan the dog did wow, in haste
They cross'd and sain'd themselves

Ay whan the litt'e dog yowl'd wi' i
They shook at the thought that the

—
(*I' the greenwood it lists me to ride*
or,

(*Fair words sae mony a heart they*

GLOSSARY.

Stanza 1. *May*, maid. *Lists*, pleases.

2. *Bairns*, children. *In fere*, together.
giving joy, (old Teut.)

3. *Stead*, place.

4. *Syne*, then.

5. *Fessen*, fetched ; brought.

6. *Drave*, drove.

7. *Dale sorrow* *Dand fere*

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

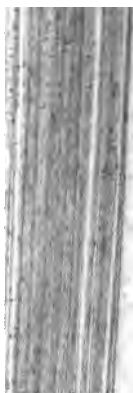
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- 23. *Cald*, cold.
- 24. *Till*, to. *Rin*, run.
- 25. *Buskit*, dressed. *Kem'd*, combed. *Tither*, the other.
- 28. *Routh*, plenty. *Quail*, are quelled; die. *Need*, want.
- 29. *Akind*, behind. *Braw*, brave; fine.
- 31. *Dowry*, sorrowful.
- 33. *Nirr*, snarl. *Bell*, bark.
- 34. *Sained*, blessed; literally *signed* with the sign of the cross. *Ghaist*, ghost.

Note VII.

*Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who won'd within the hill.* Stanza xiii. line 5.

In a long dissertation upon the Fairy superstition, published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the most valuable part of which was supplied by my learned and indefatigable friend, Dr. John Leyden, most of the circum-



conveyed, in days of yore, in
men of peace. There she was
formerly been an ordinary mor-
tality, become associated with
quaintance, still retaining son-
lence, warned her of her danger
valued her liberty, to abstain from
them, for a certain space of time
counsel of her friend; and when
elapsed, she found herself again
society of mortals. It is added,
viands which had been presented
peared so tempting to the eye,
the enchantment was removed, to
the earth."— p. 107—111.

Note VI

*Why sounds yon stroke on b
Our moonlight circle's scr
Or who comes here to chase t
Beloved of our Elfin Queen*

It has been already observed, that
malevolent, are capricious, and ex-
like other nomenclature of the

And a wee man, of swarthy hue,
Upstart'd by a cairn.

" His russet weeds were brown as heath,
That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was frizzly red
As the purple heather-bell.

" An urchin, clad in prickles red,
Clung cow'ring to his arm;
The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled
As struck by fairy charm.

" Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,
Where stag-hound ne'er should be?
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
Without the leave of me."

" Brown dwarf, that o'er the muirland strays,

This came
half the stature of —
stout and broad built, having the air
His dress was entirely brown, the colour
his head covered with frizzled red hair
was expressive of the most savage fer
glared like a bull. It seems, he addres
first, threatening him with his vengeance
passed on his demesnes, and asking him,
presence he stood? The youth replied, t
him the lord of the moors; that he of
norance; and offered to bring him the
The dwarf was a little mollified by this
marked, that nothing could be more c
such an offer, as he considered the wild
jects, and never failed to avenge their d
descended further to inform him, that
mortal, though of years far exceeding
manity; and (what I should not have b
hoped for salvation. He never, he ad
that had life, but lived, in the summ
and, in the winter, on nuts and apples
store in the woods. Finally, he in
ance to accompany him home, and f
an offer which the youth was on the
going to spring across the t

the same reason they avoid crossing the Ord on a Monday, being the day of the week on which their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially it is held fatal to the whole clan of Grahame. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once, by observing, that the whip-cord attached to his lash was of this unlucky colour.

Note X.

For thou wert christened man. Stanza xiii, line 16.

The Elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian imitations, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power, a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession.

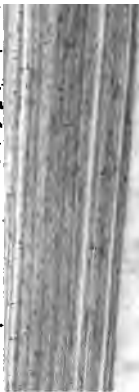
"For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christened knight,
They gie me that renown."

I presume, that in the Danish ballad, the obstinacy of the "Weiest Elf," who would not flee for cross or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been "christened man."

How eager the elves were to obtain for their offspring the prerogatives of Christianity, will be proved by the following story. "In the district called Haga, in Iceland, dwelt a nobleman called Sigward Forster, who had an intrigue with one of the subterranean females. The Elf became pregnant, and exacted from her lover a firm promise that he would procure the baptism of the infant. At the appointed time, the mother came to the church-yard, on the wall of which she placed a golden cup, and a stole for the priest, agreeably to the custom of making an offering at baptism. She then stood a little apart. When the priest left the church, he inquired the meaning of what he saw, and demanded of Sigward, if he avowed himself the father of the child. But Sigward ashamed of the connection, denied the paternity. He was then interrogated if he desired that the child should be baptized; but this also he answered in the negative, lest by such request, he should admit himself to be the father. On which the child was left untouched, and unbaptized. Whereupon the mother, in extreme wrath, snatched up the infant and the cup, and retired, leaving the priestly cope, of which fragments are still in preservation. But this female denounced and imposed on Sigward, and his posterity to the ninth generation, a singular disease, with which many of his descendants are afflicted at this day." Thus wrote Einar Gudmund, pastor of the parish of Garpsdale in Iceland, a man profound

pleasure and splendour. It has been
former quotations from Dr. Graham
and may be confirmed by the following
"A woman whose new-born child
them into their secret abodes, was able
to remain, however, only until she
She, one day, during this period, ob
employed in mixing various ingredi
and, as soon as the composition was
that they all carefully anointed the
remainder aside, for future use. When
were all absent, she also attempted
the precious drug, but had time to
when the *Daouine Shi* returned. Being
henceforth enabled to see every thing
their secret abodes:—she saw every
hitherto had done, in deceptive splen
in its genuine colours and forms. The
the apartments were reduced to the
vern. Soon after, having discharged
dismissed to her own home. Still, her
faculty of seeing, with her medicated
was done, any where in her presence.
the order. One day, amidst a throng
to observe the *Shi* (the man of the

Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show, that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace, as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds, to produce instances of this community of fable, among nations who never borrowed from each other any thing intrinsically worth learning. Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fiction may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour. There lives, I believe, only one gentleman, whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice; I mean my friend Mr. Francis Douce, of the British Museum, whose usual kindness will, I hope, pardon my men-



sette en vng lieu quil y auoi
et gingembre, mesle enser
sus bien fort, puis le coupp
l'une des pieces, et puis m
quil est aduis que il en feist
veit quil le mangeoit de tel
mece a manger tresvoulent
de moy, ie ne mangeay on
elle guise: mais dorese
hors de mon chemin par au
quans ie suis en desers d'E
chenaucheray huit iours o
chastel ne en maison, et si ne
fors que bestes, sauuages, et
ceste maniere, et mieulx me
reur. Ainsi sen vont man
adonc quilz arriuerent sur
estoit en vne vallee. Quant E
allons boire a ceste fontaine.
bolre que le grant Dieu a po
me plaist mieulx que les ceruois
elegante Hystoire du tresnoble
fol. tome I. fol. lv. vers
After all, it may be doubted
so the French

NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

Note I.

*Not then claim'd sovereignty his due,
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd truncheon of command.* St. vi, line 12.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed. "There arose," says Piscotie, "great trouble and deadly feuds in many parts of Scotland, both in the north and west parts. The

his talents for command, and his clan on a successful raid against a neighbouring sept, furnished an apology, or excuse, to the lowlanders, for which no apology great traditional historians had, at some remote period, by their forefathers, which furnished a plausible excuse for the ravages that they could make, which lay within their reach in possession of a letter of apology whose men had committed. The place called Moines, occupied by the English, assures Grant, that however the instructions were precise, the province of Moray, (a lowland province) observes, "all men take their

No

*I only mean
To show the road on
Deeming this path yet
Without a pass from*

This incident, like some of

same house. Separate accommodations being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation he found his acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehension of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn. The highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen the discourse again turned on John Gunn. "Would you like to see him?" said the guide; and without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. "Stranger," resumed the guide, "I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause; for I came to the inn

the most treacherous advancing the right to chuse his weapon strange, unusual, and incon of which he practised and killed at his ease his antagonist for the first time on the 13th *Discourse on Duels*, and the *gentement ecrit*," by the venerable highlanders continued to use disarmed after the affair of 17

Not

*Like mountain-cat, that
Full at Fitz-James's thr*

I have not ventured to renege as that of the celebrated of the clan Cameron, called Ewan Dhu. He was the last noble the royal cause during the frequent incursions rendered him to the republican garrison at Lismore. The governor of the fort sent four hundred men to lay waste Lismore and to cut down his trees.

NOTE VI.

*Ye towers! within whose circuit dread,
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft has heard the death-axe sound!*

St. ix. Stirling was often polluted with noble blood. It is commemorated by J. Jonston:

—Discordia tristis

ten quoties procerum sanguine tinxit humum
loc uno infelix, at felix cetera, nusquam
etior aut cœli frons geniusve soli.

fate of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, who was
slain, stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own sword,
while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to
all Scottish history. Murdock, Duke of Albany,
Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his
brother, James, Duke of Albany, were executed
in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence
near the castle walls, but making part of the same
ence they could behold their strong castle
and their extensive possessions. This "head-
land" it was sometimes termed, bears the name
of Hurley-hacket.

Mr. John Mayne, entitled the Sille
passes the efforts of Ferguson, and c

NOTE VIII

Robin-Hood. Stanza

The exhibition of this renowned
a favourite frolic at such festivals as
sport, in which kings did not disai
hibited in Scotland upon the Refor
6th parliament of queen Mary, C.
dered, under heavy penalties, that
chosen Robert Hude, nor little J
Queen of May, nor otherwise."
multitude," says John Knox, "w
Robin Hude, whilk enormity was
damned by statute and act of par
not be forbidden." Accordingly t
tumult, and at length made prison
endeavoured to suppress it, and w
they extorted a formal promise tha
ed for his share of the disturbance
the complaints of the General As
these profane festivities were conti
Robin was to see the least small

of our ancestors, was thrown, by the late ingenious Mr. Strett, into his Romance entitled *Queen-hoo Hall*, published after his death, in 1808.

Note IX.

Indifferent as to archer might,

The Monarch gave the arrow bright. St. xxii. line 22.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the King's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kiledindie, one of the banished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft. I would have availed myself more fully of the simple and affecting circumstances of the old history had they not been already woven into a pathetic ballad by my friend Mr. Finlay.*

* See *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, Glasgow, 1808, vol. II. p. 117. Godscroft's story may also be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. I. Introduction p. 21, note.



NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

Note I.

*se drew not for their fields the sword,
tenants of a feudal lord,
own'd the patriarchal claim
chieftain in their leader's name;
nature's they.*—— Stanza iii. line 1.

Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility
as, with their vassals, who held land under them,

you great thanke; wherefore, I saye unto you, that in
that ye have hopen to conquer. I saye unto you, that in
der chest that ye se stande yonder, therein is to the sum of
thousande frankes,—I wyll give them accordyng to my
scynence. Wyll ye all be content to fulfyle my testam
how say ye? Sir, quod they, we be ryght well content
fulfyle your commaundment. Thane firste, quod he, I
and give to the chapell of Saynt George, here in this cas
for the reparacions therof, a thousand and five hun
frankes; and I gyve to my lover, who hath troely served
two thousand and five hundred frankes: and also I gyv
Aleyne Roux, youre newe captayne, four thousand fran
also to the variettes of my chambre I gyve fyve hun
frankes. To myne offycers I gyve a thousande and fyve
drede frankes. The rest I gyve and bequeth as I shall s
you. Ye be upon a thyrtye companions all of one a
ye ought to be bretherne, and all of one alyauce,
out debate, ryotte, or stryfe among you. All this t
have shewed you ye shall fynde in yonder cheste. I
that ye depart all the resydue equally and truely bit
you thyrtye. And if ye be nat thus contente, but tha
devyll wyll set debate betwene you, than beholde y
is a strong axe, breke up the coffer, and gette it wh
To those wordes every man answered and said, Sir
dere maister, we are and shall be all of one accord.

NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

2

stealing away from him a little girl, called the tumbling lassie, that danced upon his stage; and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother, for 30*l.*, Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their bairns; and physicians attested, the employment of tumbling would kill her, and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return; though she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not run away from her master; yet some cited Moses' law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The lord *renitente cancellario*, assoltzied Harden, on the 27th of January, (1687.)"—*Fountainhall's Decisions*, vol. I. p. 439.*

The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleurs.

le filles de la cour en ont chacune : Julien, et scavoit tres-bien jouer du violon et son dit elle, prenez vostre violon et sonnez jusques a ce que me voyez morte (car defaite des Suisses, et le mieux que quand vous serez sur le mot: 'Tout est perdu par quatre ou cinq fois, le plus piteux pourrez;' ce qui fit l'autre, et elle-mesme voix, et quand ce vint 'tout est perdu,' deux fois; et se tournant de l'autre cost a ses compagnes: 'Tout est perdu a cecient;' et ainsi deceda. Voila une meschante. Je tiens ce conte de deux de nosseigneurs de foi, qui virent jouer ce mystere."—CH III. 507.

The tune to which this fair lady chanted her exit was composed on the defeat of the Swiss. The burthen is quoted by Panurge, in Rabelais, of these words, imitating the jargon of a mixture of French and German.

Tout est verlore
La Tintelore
Tout est verlore, bi G.

NOTE IV.

"In one of the defiles of this by-road, the men of the untry at that time hung upon the rear of the invading emy, and shot one of Cromwell's men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass.* In revenge of this insult, the soldiers resolved to plunder the land, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the main land, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But, just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock, to get on shore, a roine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land,

out upon the noise, and, whether moved
 by natural gallantry, took the weaker side
 with his flail so effectually, as to disperse th
 threshed, even according to the letter. He
 the king into his barn, where his guest re
 and towel, to remove the stains of the broil.
 eured with difficulty, James employed his
 what was the summit of his deliverer's ear
 found that they were bounded by the desire
 property, the farm of Braehead, upon which
 bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to
 James directed him to come to the palace of
 inquire for the Guid-man (i. e. farmer) of Ball
 by which he was known in his excursions, an
 ed to *Il Bondocani* of Haroun Alraschid. He
 self accordingly, and found, with due astoni
 had saved his monarch's life, and that he wa
 with a crown-charter of the lands of Brae
 service of presenting an ewer, basin, and tow
 to wash his hands, when he shall happen to
 of Crammond. This person was ancestor o
 of Braehead, in Mid Lothian, a respectable
 tinue to hold the lands (now passed into the
 der the same tenure.

Another of James's frolics is thus narrated

NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

from father to son ever since, and they have a possession of the identical spot, the property of 1 of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, tance, turned out the descendant and representative of the Moors, on account of his majesty's indolence and great dislike to reform or innovation, although, from the spirited example of his tenants on the same estate, he is convinced similar would promote his advantage."

The author requests permission yet further to a subject of his poem, by an extract from the genealogical work of Buchanan of Auchmar, upon Scottish surnames.

"This John Buchanan of Auchmar and Arnpryor afterward termed King of Kippen,"* upon the following account. King James V. a very sociable, debonaire residing at Stirling, in Buchanan of Arnpryor's territories were very frequently passing along the common being near Arnpryor's house, with necessaries for the use of the King's family, and he having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load was for his majesty's use; to which Arnpryor seemed to have no regard, compelling the carrier in the end, to leave his load at his house, telling him, if King James was king of Scotland he was king of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbouring king in some of these loads, so frequently used that road. The carrier representing this usage, telling the story, as Arnpryor spoke it, to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his majesty's ears, who, shortly thereafter, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbouring king, who was in the mean time at dinner. King James having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling, there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent his rudeness. His majesty finding this method would not satisfy him, desired the porter to tell his master that the good man Ballangiech desired to speak with the King of Kippen. The porter telling Arnpryor so much, he, in all humble manner came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take so much of his time, that he forgot carrying that road as he had done, and, seeing he made the first visit, desired him to return him a second at Stirling, within seven days, and continued in very much favour with him."

* A small district of Perthshire

Note VI

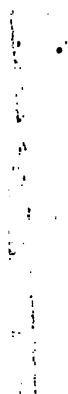
———*Stirling's tower*
Of yore the name of Snawdoun e

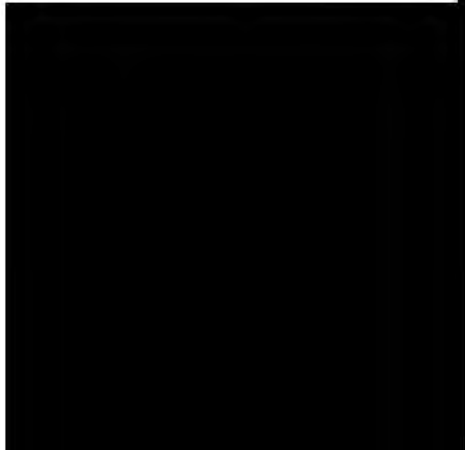
William of Worcester, who wrote in the fifteenth century, calls Stirling castle Lindsay bestows the same epithet of the papingo.

Adeiu, fair Snawdoun, with
Thy chaple-royal, park, and
May, June, and July would
Were I a man, to hear the
Whilk doth agane thy royal

Mr. Chamlers, in his late excellent edition of Lindsay's works, has refuted the tradition of Snawdoun for *shedding*, or cutting. It is derived from the romantic legend which relates to King Arthur, to which the mention of the name gives countenance. The ring with which the tower was formerly practised, in the castle park, is now in the Table. Snawdoun is the official title of the heralds, whose epithet seems in all instances to have been fantastically adopted from ancient times.







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